

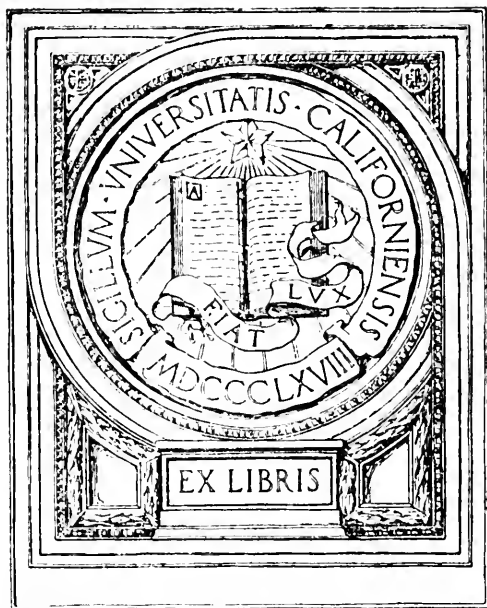
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M E X I C O

AS DESCRIBED IN PERSONAL
CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN
MR. BEN SLAEVIN NORTH
AND HIS FRIEND
MR. SEYMOUR SOUTH



BY J. A. BALL

[SECOND EDITION]

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E. N. BROWN, - PRESIDENT

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THE letter that was sent from the United States to the City of Mexico read exactly thus:

MY DEAR SOUTH:

The lady who manages my home life has a younger sister who had rather travel and talk than marry and listen. Every year the dear girl has to "go somewhere" and this season it's to be your Mexico. Incidentally and despite my best efforts to keep it down, Mrs. N. has contracted the same fever and the cross fire to which I'm now daily subjected by the two has driven me into the last trench. I've tried to convince them that Mexico is a Sahara sort of place where about all a visitor from the United States may expect is a sunburn extending clear in to his tonsils and a malarial fever worse than the Tennessee shake; but they won't believe it, and are pressing me hard to take them down there for a full month or two.

How far? How long? How much? And some other hows vital to the calendar and purse.

Shall I consent? You have been in "the land of the Montezumas" (whoever they were) about two years now, if my figuring is correct, and ought to know all about it. Advise me as a friend. Would the girls find it up to expectations and would I be satisfied to see them through? What would there be to see and do, how should we go about it and what would be the expense? Would we have to learn Spanish, would we have to live on green peppers, would it require ten days or ten years to go the rounds?

They, my persecutors, have been reading Prescott's "Conquest," Noll's "Empire to Republic" and Wallace's "Fair God" until literally saturated with lore, traditions and annals but they don't seem to know much about how to get down there or what it costs, and these are details that impress me as mighty vital. It's all very well to have prehistoric pyramids with our morning pancakes, Cortéz's love affairs with our noon salad and Maximilian's innermost thoughts with our evening consommé but along with them I want some kind of a notion of what the family bank account is going to look like when we get back, and of how many days' dust there will be on the office calendar.

So help me out, with a line on the real essentials. Give them to me unvarnished and without equivocation. Tell the truth, the whole truth and as little else beside the truth as your conscienceless soul will permit—thus forever obliging your perplexed and appealing old friend,

BEN NORTH.

The reply that was sent from the City of Mexico to the United States is quoted hereafter in full:

MY DEAR NORTH:

Your recent highly complimentary and much-esteemed epistle is at hand and sounds to me a great deal like a diplomatic effort to crowd "yours truly" in between the proverbial devil and deep blue sea. I gather from your rather incoherent description of circumstances that you wish me to

shoulder responsibility for the success

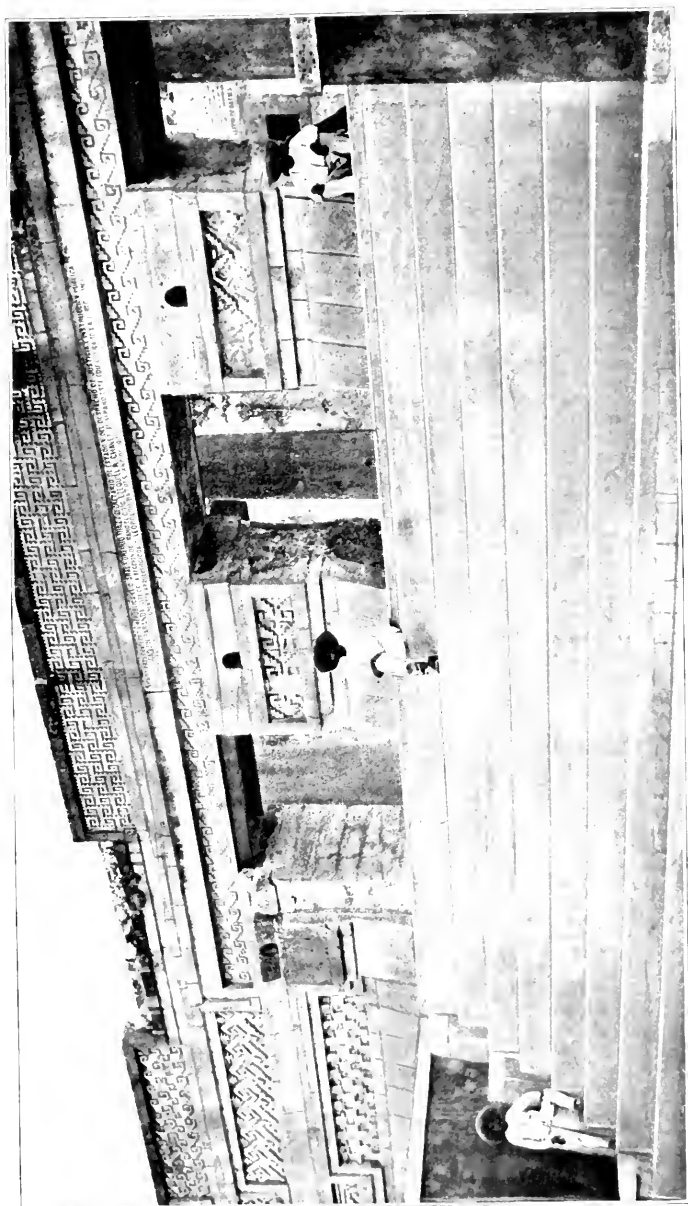
Length, breadth and area of the nation; its political divisions and dignified hospitality. or failure of three persons' visit to Mexico just because I happen to be living here.

Very well, sir, I accept the challenge.

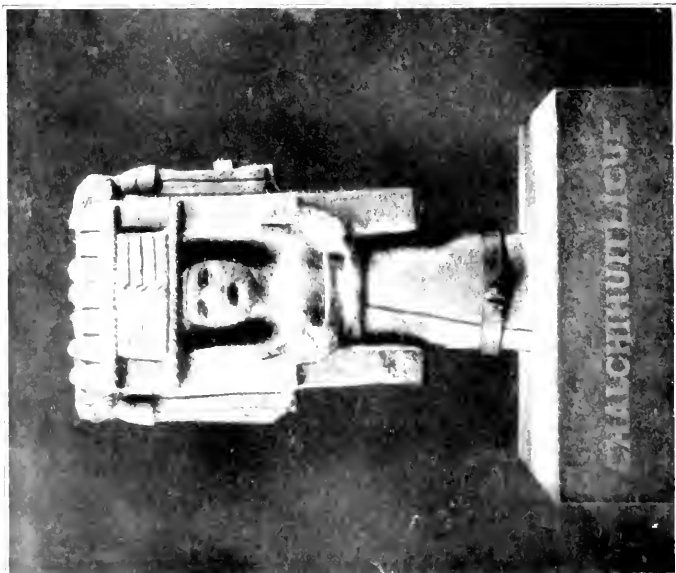
Pack up and come on. If you don't have the time of your lives may I never smile again, may my flesh wither upon its bones and may every remaining day of my existence be spent at church weddings and vegetarian luncheons,—the evenings at bridge with women who don't know the game. (There, that's the stiffest vow I can think of. If you know one more awful, send it along and I'll take it. I'll risk anything on this adopted country of mine.)

But let me urge that you begin rightly. Get an understanding of what you are coming to. Not a "resort." Not a "region." A country, sir! A nation! A republic of twenty-seven states, three territories and a Federal District, giving an extreme length of two thousand miles, an extreme width of eight hundred and an island area of fourteen hundred and twenty,—a total surface one-fourth that of the United States!

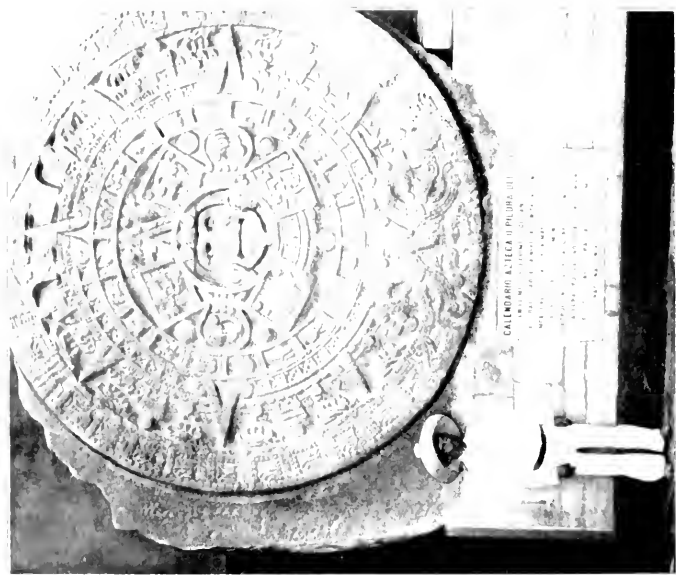
Some persons have come down here with the idea that Mexico is "living off" its tourists and that, like some of your northern places, everybody "makes hay" while the season is on and puts up the stormdoors when the season goes off. Entirely wrong! Mexico has no "season" and its tourist patronage is but an incidental. The metropolis from which



Prehistoric Milla. (Page 35.)



Aztec Goddess of Water. (Page 31.)



Aztec Calendar Stone. (Page 31.)

I send this letter was doing business nearly three hundred years before the fifty-two gentlemen of Jamestown sighted land, and has been at it ever since. There are other towns even older. They thrived in their own peculiar way before the first "turista" came; they could keep on thriving without his successors. A stranger here pays for what he eats, drinks and carries away with him, but he doesn't pay for what was built before he came, nor for what the "Promotion Committee" plans to build after he leaves. He is entertained as a visitor, not stalked as quarry.

Do you get my meaning? Do you understand why I lay such emphasis on the fact that you are coming to a nation, not a resort, and why I am so cock-sure you will be neither bored by shams nor irritated by impositions?

I admit, of course, some deficiencies. You will have to count the cab-driver's change here just as elsewhere, not all the hotels charge the same rates when crowded as when dull, and the bottom price of native souvenirs is rarely the first price quoted. We have our Artful Dodgers and our Nancy Oldens; among our servants Diogenes would have some extremely long hunts, and among our guides are such as Munchausen might have envied.

Approximations of the number of dollars and days to be allowed when making the plans.

But the average, my friend, the average is just as good as in other countries and when you leave you will look back upon this place as one which proved better than its promises and in which you were subjected to no annoyances other than those trivial ones which have beset all strangers in all strange lands ever since the serpent tricked our mother with an apple.

1
You can get an idea of Mexico in ten days; you can get an infinitely more correct one in ten months. As you are an average man of average means and leisure, I should advise a month or six weeks. To approximate the cost, add to your railway fare about two to three dollars per day as the minimum for each person's actual necessities such as meals, rooms, hotel service and laundry. In the capital the average will have to be a trifle more as hotel rooms cost from one to five dollars per day and meals at least thirty-five cents, but in smaller places frequently much less, so I believe two to three dollars to be a very ample average. If you were to locate here for a month or more you could rent a room for about

twenty-five dollars per month in a private establishment and secure three meals per day at the best American boarding places for twenty and twenty-five dollars per month. I am quoting all these amounts in United States currency; if you want to know how they look in Mexican simply multiply by two. Mexico is on gold basis now and the exchange considered permanent at two for one.

The incidentals and souvenirs you carry away with you may cost little or much. You can get a household god almost anywhere in the Republic for twenty cents, and an idol for even less. The famous drawnwork handkerchiefs, doilies, table covers, mantle scarfs, collars, and shirtwaist patterns cost fifty cents to ten dollars here in the capital or at Aguascalientes; the same pieces would cost three and four times that much in the United States. Leather goods of all kinds, from cardcases specially monogrammed to superb riding habits specially designed, cost scarcely more than a third what you pay at home. Bonbon boxes, matchsafes, pin trays,

Household gods, drawn work,
filigree, canes, mantillas, zarapes,
leather, onyx and pottery.

beltbuckles, watchfobs—these and the other silver novelties which are so beautifully made of Mexican filigree cost from fifty cents to ten dollars and your wife would consider the same articles

great bargains at twice the figure. Jewelry, including such as diamonds, pearls, sapphires, topazes and emeralds, costs about twenty-five per cent less than in the States and the stocks are immense. Mexican canes wonderfully carved to show bullfights and other local scenes in full detail cost fifty cents if you are a good Yankee and two dollars and a half if you are a poor one. I have been a poor one five times in the same week. A man gets a sort of mania for these sticks and buys every new one offered because each seems a little more attractive than the one he already has. It has been my observation that the Mexican walking stick is the one thing a woman can buy for her man friend and not embarrass them both by her selection.

Zarapes,—or sarapes, whichever spelling you prefer—the shoulder blankets that contribute so much to the picturesqueness of the Mexican, cost from five to one hundred dollars, according to pattern, grade or texture and age of weave, the old ones being superior to the modern. In the United States they cost two or three times this much and abroad five times. If you want a rug or sofa cover or canoe cushion that will make your end of town Nile green with envy by all means get a Saltillo or Pátzenaro zarape.

The mantillas, of superb old design and much embroidering, cost, here, ten to fifty dollars. If the price seems to you large ask Mrs. N. what that sort of thing costs in your own open-handed metropolis.

The onyx pieces at Puebla cost frequently only a quarter and rarely five pesos, although there are occasional pieces for which connoisseurs pay small fortunes. The Guadalajara and Cuernavaca pottery is scarcely dearer than the most ordinary you find in northern grocery stores.

The duties on things the tourist likes to carry home are hard to outline as all inspectors—or at least inspections—on the northern side of the border are not the same. Generally speaking you can take back with you into the United States \$100 (U. S. currency) worth of belongings in addition to your necessary wearing apparel.

Your secretary of treasury recently sent out a special leaflet for tourists, from which I take the following:

“First: Keep your original receipted bills for all purchases of any importance during your stay abroad (or in Mexico).

Sealskins about the only things to which the visitor need give particular attention.

“Second: When you pack your baggage for your return trip prepare a list of articles so purchased, with the price paid for each.

“Third: So place these articles in your trunks that you can easily find and exhibit them for appraisement.

“From the aggregate value of the articles purchased by you abroad (unless intended for other persons or for sale) there will be deducted \$100, which you are entitled to bring with you free of duty. The appraiser will make this deduction even without having his attention called thereto. There will be an officer present to whom you can make any complaint of improper treatment or excessive charges, and on request necessary blanks demanding re-appraisement will be furnished.

“Any personal effects taken with you as baggage, which are brought back with you in the same condition as when taken abroad, will be admitted free if the identification can be established.

“The law expressly forbids the importation into the United States of garments made in whole or in part of the skins of prohibited fur seals, and unless the owner is able to establish by competent evidence, and to the satisfaction of the collec-

tor, either that the garments were purchased prior to December 29, 1897, or that the animal from which the skin was taken was captured elsewhere than in prohibited waters, entry will not be allowed. Residents who desire to take seal-skin garments abroad should have the same registered with the collector at Laredo or Eagle Pass. A failure to do this will cause no end of annoyance and is likely to result in the confiscation and destruction of the garment."

Aside from these necessities and souvenirs your expenses will be few and extremely light. Horses and guides for inland trips cost as little as fifty cents per day and rarely more than one and two dollars. Here in the city blue-striped cabs or carriages rent for fifty cents, Mexican currency, per half hour, and one dollar for more than a half hour and not to exceed an hour. Those with the red stripe cost thirty-eight cents—we who live here don't usually bother about the twelve

"True happiness consists in finding Mexican cigars where you didn't expect 'em"—Hunter

cents change—per half hour and seventy-five cents for longer, not to exceed an hour. Between 10 p. m. and 6 a. m. and on certain great holidays the rates are doubled; on Sundays and ordinary feast days they are advanced fifty per cent. The charge is unaffected by the number of persons in the party up to four—four ride for what the same trip would cost one.* Street car fare is but six cents Mexican for ordinary trips and ten to thirty cents for long ones out to the suburbs. Cigars that I defy you to equal for less than twenty-five cents gold in the States are plentiful here at ten and fifteen cents Mexican; chewing tobacco is a rarity as the Mexican does not use it. The Mexican cigarette is widely popular and is often as dark as a stick of chocolate.

At nearly every principal place there is a United States consul to whom you can appeal when in doubt about values, charges and conveyances; and on trains you will always find conductors who speak English—usually it is their native tongue.

Your preparations for the trip may be elaborate or not. If you want to bring a lot of swell toggery you can find plenty of places to wear it here in the capital and plenty of company for it. If Mrs. N. and her sister have some laces,

*At the time this is written the government is contemplating the installation of a mechanical register on each coach, facing its occupants and showing the distance traveled and time consumed including stops. If this method is adopted the rates may be changed slightly.

silks, hats and diamonds that they want to put to the real test we will mix with the Five-o'clock Set at Chapultepec some Sunday afternoon and let them compete with Paris' best and smartest.

At state functions and at home dinners the ladies and gentlemen of Mexico are rather fastidious and a fellow in anything but full dress feels about like Mr. Pipp looked the night he wandered into the whist party in his nightgown. On the other hand, there is no scrutiny or criticism of the garb of the tourist who confines himself or herself to the hotels and restaurants, be that garb never so plain, so you may leave all the flub-dubs at home if you prefer to. Your actual necessities will be a traveling suit of medium weight and any color, a light overcoat and a few changes of loose easy linen and underwear. Not necessary but convenient are a dark suit, a derby and gloves. Summer or winter you should bring only such underclothing as you use in the North when your fall weather begins, as evenings here are cool and changes of these garments hazardous for the "gringo"—our Mexican term for the "tenderfoot" from the States. Your shoes, regardless of the month, should also be warm and stout. The shape and color doesn't matter particularly but black comes nearest meeting all requirements.

Fall garments most suitable, regardless of season. Hotels not of the conventional kind.

Each of the ladies of your party will need the usual traveling suit with extra jacket for evenings and high altitudes, and one or two light waists of varied thickness. If she cares to prepare for possibilities she might bring also a "roughing suit" of any age, texture and pattern for donkey riding, mountain climbing and cave exploring; an evening gown such as she wears in the North when she dines with you downtown—and finally "something for Sunday." This last may be very plain or very smart just as she prefers.

The hotel service you will consider good or poor according to your way of approaching it. If you want exactly the things you have at home, cooked the same way and served the same, way, you may be doomed to some disappointments. If, on the other hand, you are thoroughbred enough to accept fruits and vegetables, salads and sauces, roasts and stews that you know not of, you will fare extremely well many days and at least tolerably well every day. It is true that the peones live

on tortillas (corn cakes) peppers and beans, but that has no more to do with you and me than has the fact that the Celestials of South Clark Street live on nothing at all. I'll promise you three full meals for every day you are in the Republic and I'll also promise that seventy-five per cent of the food set before you will be appetizing. The other twenty-five per cent you may pass to me as it happens to be a great deal better than it looks.

The beds? Mostly clean roomy affairs, not downy, but soft enough for comfortable slumber. In the cities they are good, in the towns they are satisfactory; in the pueblos or villages,—well, in the pueblos they are not beds at all but skins and blankets on the floor. This last I scarcely need mention as the itinerary I have in mind for you includes stops at no points where passable meals and passable beds are not available. And if, for a little roughing, you elect to strike off from these lines I propose, I can furnish blankets and pillows which it is quite correct to carry in Mexico as hand baggage.

Arrival of the Toltecs in

ancient Anahuac. The begin-

ning of the modern Mexico.

You state that your wife and sister-in-law are studying Prescott, Noll and "The Fair God." It is as good as any combination I know of for general purposes, and adds a great deal to the interest the tourist feels upon arrival. But I recall that you never had patience for exhaustive reading and doubt if you could be persuaded to undertake this somewhat formidable trio. On the other hand you will not, of course, wish to be in entire ignorance of the general order of events in Mexico's history and I have decided to attempt just a rough outline.

Originally, (which means so long ago that it doesn't matter when), Mexico was Anahuae (pronounce it An-nah-walk, with the accent on the second syllable), and inhabited by a people who built great pyramids and enduring cities but left no name.

Following them as the earliest historical family were the Toltecs who came down from no one knows just where in 648 A. D., and established a wonderful capital at Tula, "now a peon town of squalid huts and magnificent ruins," only two hours ride from modern office buildings here in this city. They seem to have been of artistic inclination and left much admirable sculpture in addition to evidences of having been well instructed in agriculture and many of the most useful mechanic arts.

It was at Tula and among the Toltees that Quetzalcoatl, "the fair god," appeared. Tradition says the stranger was St. Thomas; a later suggestion was that he may have been a shipwrecked Viking. Whoever he was or was not, his fair features gave him prestige with the brown natives of Tula, and later with those of Cholula, who erected in his honor that monstrous pyramid with its great teocalli and eternal fires. They practically deified him as he taught them much in husbandry and war-making. At last he sailed away in a boat of snake skins and it was his promise to return that Cortéz used so frequently in rallying the Indians under his own banners centuries later. The fair god's pledge had been handed down from generation to generation and those simple folk accepted in good faith the conquistador's proclamation that he was this deity restored.

Eventually the Toltees went away—just when or how no one seems able to establish beyond cavil. Clavigero states that they "abandoned" the country in 1051, but Prescott says Clavigero "doesn't always agree with himself." Prescott himself holds that the Toltees "disappeared silently and mysteriously after a period of about four centuries," but the editor of later editions by this same eminent authority leaves us humble readers high in air by inserting a foot-note to the effect that Prescott himself was, in this matter, no better informed than Clavigero.

Founding of Texcoco and appearance of the Aztecs or Mexicas. Are Egyptians cousins?

However, the Toltees vanished and the authorities seem agreed that about a century later came the Chichimecas (meat-eaters), a ruthless and savage horde "from the regions of the far northwest," and also the gentler and more estimable Acolhuans, which latter tribe sometime between 1170 and 1200 founded Tezcuco, now spelled Texcoco. Texcoco like Tula is but a short way from the capital and still stands open to your inspection. You will pass through it on your way to Vera Cruz over the Interoceanic.

In 1196 the Aztecs or Mexicas arrived. The tribe was supposed to have been wandering 600 years in search of a home and looked it. They said they came from Aztlan, but never since has any one been able to discover where Aztlan was. It is the belief of many in Mexico today that the first inhabitants of Mexico were closely related to the Egyptians. Certainly the pottery and decorations of the pyramids here

bear striking resemblance to those of Egypt, and the government is now engaged in making extensive excavations at the "Sun" and "Moon" (pyramids) thirty miles from the capital that have already brought to light carvings and pottery almost identical with the Egyptian. But these earliest people are not to be confounded with the Aztecs or Mexicas who, most historians agree, came into Mexico from the north. Their name Mexicas, now Mexicans, appears to have been derived by progressive distortion from Mexitli, a tutelary divinity of the Aztec days.

In the course of their pilgrimage the Mexicas stopped a while at Ygnatzio (or Ignatzio) near Pátzenaro where they are supposed to have built temples on the pyramids already standing. They made another pause near Guadalupe before they finally were driven across to Chapultepec ("Hill of the Grasshopper"). Here they made a successful stand against the warriors of Texcoco and eventually, about 1325, began the erection, on piles, of Tenochtitlan now the City of Mexico,

How the site of the ancient
Tenochtitlan or City of Mex-
ico was marked by an eagle.

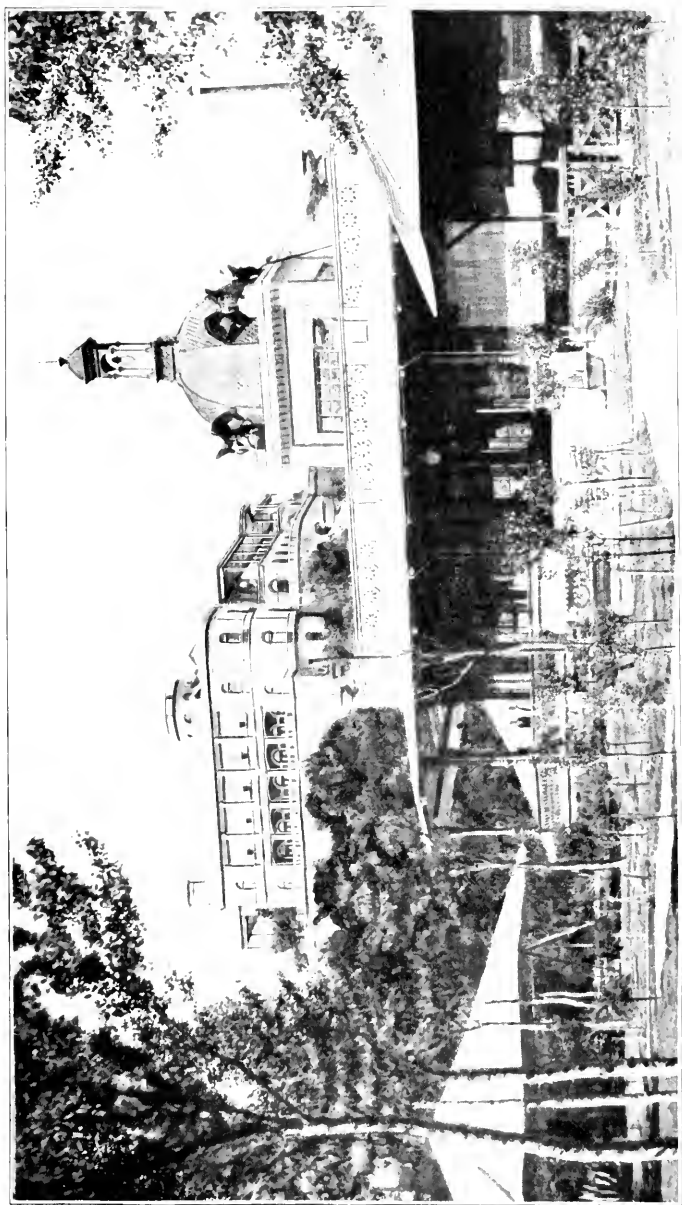
at a point in Lake Texcoco (almost this whole valley was originally a lake) selected by their high priest Tenoch when he beheld thereupon the promised sign — a royal eagle of extraordinary size and

beauty balanced upon a cactus with a serpent in its talons.

One historian wrote: "It became a magnificent metropolis sitting in Venetian splendor within the lake, whence paved causeways radiated from this Sun City to its satellites." It was not my understanding that the sun has satellites but the figure seems good as the reference is to the old town of Texcoco and the somewhat newer one Tlacopan, now called Tacuba, which were near Tenochtitlan. For a long time there was a deal of quarreling among these three but they finally framed an alliance and existed in such when Cortéz came.

The Conquest which occupied nearly two and a half years, (March 20, 1519 to August 13, 1521) has been thus summarized by a latter-day historian with about the same amount of mercy for sentiment that I have:

Fernando Cortéz with twelve ships, 663 men and sixteen horses, sailed from Cuba February 18, 1519; landed on the eastern coast of Mexico (that portion which is now the State of Tabasco and probably near the mouth of Grijalva river) March 20; defeated 40,000 Tabascans and convinced the en-



Castle Chapultepec, the Cafe and Grounds. (Page 30.)



Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico. (Page 17.)



Señora Carmen R. R. de Diaz, wife of the President.

voys of King Moctezuma that he was Quetzalecoatl returned; sailed on northward along the coast and April 21, 1519 drove stakes where now stands the oldest European settlement in the new world—(St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest city in the United States was founded in 1565)—which he named “The Rich Village of the True Cross” (Vera Cruz); sunk his ships August 16, 1519 in order to cut off hope of retreat for some of his men who were becoming mutinous; marched inland; five times defeated the Tlaxcalans, and having conquered, made allies of them; went on to Cholula where as a measure of punishment for the treachery of its population—La Marina, his guide and mistress, having detected and reported a conspiracy—he levelled the holiest of pagan temples and 10,000 residences, massacred at least three thousand of the people and marched on to Tenochtitlan, the capital. He was ostentatiously welcomed by the Second Moctezuma (in Mexico the name is spelled with a c where you use the n) November 8, 1519 at a spot now occupied by the Hospital of Jesus, erected by Cortéz in commemoration of the event; took up his residence in the old palace of Moctezuma; discovered some of the ancient treasure of the Aztec kings; angered the natives

Greed for Aztec treasures
created strife soon after the
Spaniards were welcomed.

by permitting an unseemly scramble for gold; seized the august person of the Indian Emperor to interpose as a shield against the vengeance of the natives; rode out of Tenochtitlan with 250 men, captured at Zempoala (in 1520) Narváez who had been sent against him with one thousand men by Velásquez (governor of Cuba) the piqued originator of the Cortéz expedition; returned to Tenochtitlan to find the Aztecs, infuriated by the heartless cruelty of Alvarado and the forces he (Cortéz) had left behind, gathering to storm him; persuaded his imperial captive to go upon the walls and attempt to still the storm; saw the Moctezuma hooted at, wounded by a javelin and bruised by stones; realized that the Emperor who had outlived his honor could no longer shield or serve his conqueror's purpose and thereupon ordered his assassination; burned his palace, stamped out the fires that flamed about the Sacrificial stone and on what is known as the Dismal Night (July 1, 1520), fled to the mountains with his countrymen and Tlaxcalan allies over the Tlacopan causeway, one of the three that spanned the lake, losing two hundred Spaniards (Alvarado saved himself by a daring leap across a broken span of the causeway at a point which, being

within the present city limits, is now commemorated by the street named Alvarado and popular with tourists), 4,000 Tlaxcalans, their arms, equipment and back-breaking loads of treasure. Then, under the gnarled and shaggy tree called "The Tree of the Dismal Night" (still standing within sight of the street car line in Tacuba) Cortéz sat down and wept. Next day he fought a victorious battle against 150,000 howling natives and continued his retreat upon Tlaxcala.

Cuitláhuac, Moctezuma's brother, had been crowned with the imperial plumes, but at the end of four months glorious reign death snatched them from his brow, and Cuauhtémoc (nephew of Moctezuma the Second and of Cuitláhuac, and last and greatest of the Moctezumas), governed in his place.

Shorn of omnipotence, Cortéz yet refused to acknowledge defeat and again at Tlaxcala he dared to pose as Quetzalcoatl, rallying to his support all the tribes that had writhed beneath the heel of Aztec oppression. From mountain forests he hewed the timbers of a fleet, sent them sixty miles over-

Building of Cortez's famous
fleet of brigantines on the
shores of old Lake Texcoco.

land on the backs of 8,000 Tlaxcalans to the shores of Lake Texcoco, where they were assembled into thirteen brigantines while Cortéz himself appeared once more before the walls of Tenochtitlan at the

head of 200,000 allies. In the meantime Cuauhtémoc (pronounced Quaw-ta-mawk and variously spelled, in earlier times, Quauhitemotzin and Guatemozin) had marshalled his every shield. Though only twenty-five years old, he was a most intrepid warrior. The banners of sixty-three caciques fluttered over his hosts. "The siege of Troy pales before the siege of Tenochtitlan and the fall of Troy produced no greater crash than the fall of Tenochtitlan." August 13, 1521 Paganism expired. The gods were tumbled from their niches, the temples burned and the last of the Moctezumas was led a captive before the conqueror. The treasures which the Spaniards had been forced to abandon in their flight on the Dismal Night of their expulsion and the golden heaps they had left in the patio of the old palace still await a finder as the Aztecs would not tell the treasures' whereabouts when the Spaniards re-entered the city victoriously. The lake was dredged without avail and then Cuauhtémoc was tortured with fire—a scene depicted on canvas in the Art Gallery of this city and sculptured upon the splendid statue in the Paseo. But the Emperor remained mute through all ordeals and shortly afterwards was obliged to accompany

Cortéz on an expedition into Honduras. Deep in the jungles of the hot country, on the branch of a spreading ceiba tree, the last of the Azteekings was ingloriously hanged by the first of the pathfinders. Then Cortéz, soured by the hardships and disappointments of this fruitless expedition gave away to one of his knights the Indian girl Malintze (Malintzin was the original Indian name, Malinche and La Marina the Spanish) who, since the day he landed, had been his interpreter and counselor, the mother of his child Don Martin, and the uncrowned queen of the Conquest.

With the end of the Moctezuma empire Spanish supremacy began. Sixty-three viceroys, some good, some bad, some neither, advanced history into the nineteenth century. In 1810 Father Hidalgo, a priest, summoned his flock by ringing the bell on the church at Dolores (you will pass through the town coming down here), and struck the first decisive blow for Mexico's freedom from the Spanish yoke. It was the night of September 15-16, and now on the fifteenth of every September the same Liberty Bell is rung by the President of the Republic at the National Palace here in the capital, to which it was brought from Dolores in 1896. Father Hidalgo was defeated, captured, at Acatita de Baján, May 21, 1811, and executed at Chihuahua July 31. Morelos, his protegee and successor, was executed December 22, 1815 at San Cristobal Ecatepec, near the City of Mexico.

Father Hidalgo and the Liberty Bell of Mexico. Iturbide, Santa Anna and the Republic.

Iturbide, who commanded the viceroy's forces, turned the viceroy's guns on the vice regal throne and had himself declared Emperor Agustin I, May 18, 1822. But by this time there had sprung up a definite desire for a federal republic and its strength was such that notwithstanding the machinations of Iturbide's friends, the vote in Congress showed fifteen opposed to his plan. His supporters numbered seventy-seven, he immediately took the oath of office and on July 25, 1822, in the Cathedral, in Mexico City, was anointed and crowned "Agustin I, Emperador."

He ruled unwisely, dissolved Congress in scarcely more than three months, imprisoned some of its most prominent members and created such disorder that uprisings became numerous. One of these was headed by Santa Anna, who cried loudly for a Republic, but who is suspected of having been influenced

in this by his dismissal from the government of Vera Cruz.

On March 20, 1823, Iturbide abdicated, and in May, 1823 sailed for Europe from Vera Cruz in an English vessel. Congress voted him an ample pension but later, learning that he contemplated returning to Mexico with state ambitions, declared him a traitor and condemned him to death should he ever again touch foot on his native soil. Apparently in ignorance of such decree he returned in July, 1824, was arrested immediately upon his landing at Tampico, and five days later (July 19) was executed at Padilla.

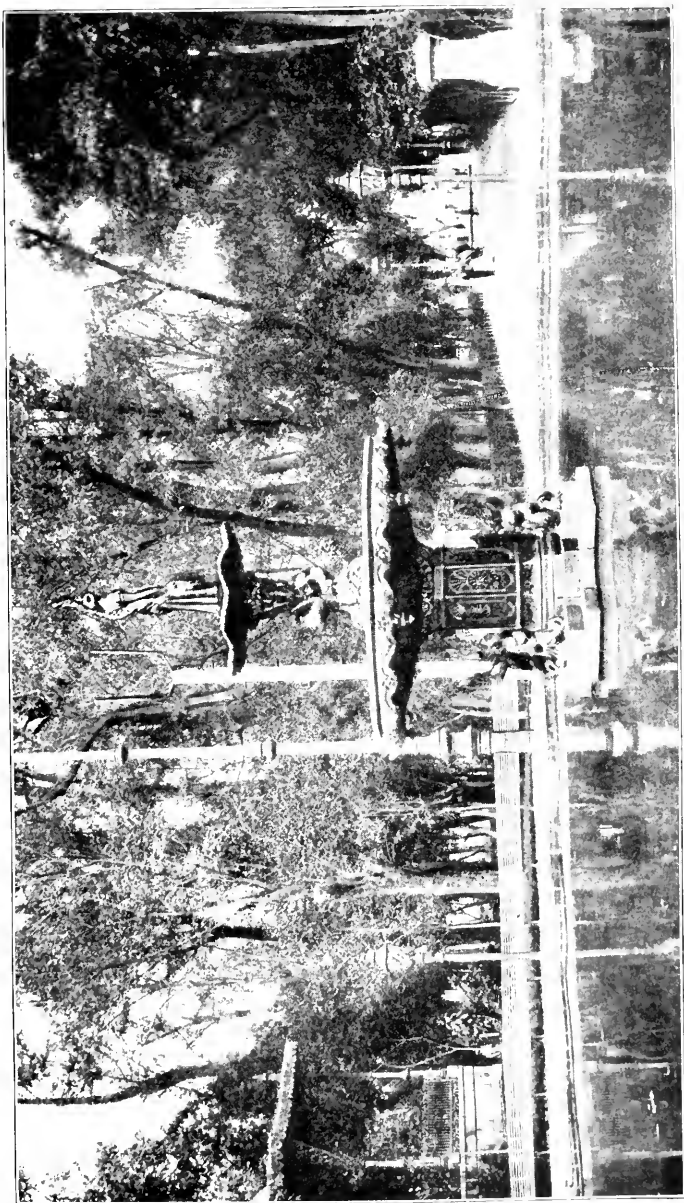
After many troubled years one of the great men of the century, Benito Juárez, an Indian—variously termed “the Washington” and “the Lincoln” of his people—breathed life into a constitution, and Republican government made progress. But the protracted dissensions of the country had involved it heavily in debt. To gain time Juárez promulgated a decree, which Congress approved in July, 1861, “suspending for two years all payments on account of foreign debts.” England,

French declaration of a military dictatorship in Mexico and attack on City of Puebla.

France and Spain officially took cognizance and by the Treaty of London, October 31, 1861, agreed “to send a sufficient naval and military force to Mexico to seize and occupy the several fortresses and military positions on the coast for the purpose of sequestering the customs revenues of the principal ports of entry. It was expressly stipulated that no territory should be appropriated by the foreign powers, and upon the ulterior motives of Napoleon III of France being realized the English and Spanish troops were withdrawn from the enterprise, and the Treaty of London thrown aside by the commissioners from France.”

In April, 1862, the French general issued a proclamation declaring a military dictatorship established in Mexico. A march from Vera Cruz to the City of Puebla was begun and apparently without provocation the city was attacked May 5, 1862. It was successfully defended by Mexican forces under General Zaragoza, and Porfirio Díaz, present President of the Republic, was promoted to the rank of general for the brilliant part he took in the defense of the city at that time. The event created a principal national holiday for Mexico. But the French army, re-inforced, made a second advance May 17, 1863, and captured Puebla after tremendous fighting.

The next important event was the coming of Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, sent by Napoleon III to



The Atamocla, Mexico City's Sunday Concert Plaza. (Pages 25 and 32.)



One of the Ancient Ornamental Fountains, Mexico City.



Wanside Fountain of an Old Aqueduct, Mexico City

establish an empire. In Vienna, April 8, 1864, he signed the "Family Compact" whereby he relinquished all rights which he might have in the succession to the Austrian throne, and dedicated himself entirely to the Mexican enterprise. The imperial party, including Maximilian's consort, Carlota, daughter of Leopold I, King of the Belgians, arrived in Vera Cruz May 29, 1864. June 12, 1864, Maximilian and Carlota arrived in the nation's capital, and were crowned Emperor and Empress in the cathedral.

The United States protested to Napoleon III against foreign troops remaining on American soil. The troops were eventually withdrawn but Maximilian decided to remain and attempt to retain his throne—a course counseled by several who were close to him, including, it is said, some Confederate refugees from the United States. His forces were defeated by the forces of the Republic and on May 15, 1867, he was captured at Querétaro. June 19 of that year he was shot by order of court martial on a hill just outside the city and now marked by a chapel to which all tourists pay a visit.

Two days after Maximilian's execution General Porfirio Díaz captured the City of Mexico and Juárez, who never had relinquished the title of President, returned to the capital July 5, after an absence of five years, and re-established his government. July 18, 1872, Juárez died, and December 1 was succeeded as President by Sebastián Lerdo de Tejada, president of the supreme court of justice.

Capture and execution of the Austrian at Queretaro. Díaz's triumph and Juarez's return

In 1876 Porfirio Díaz, a veteran of many wars, became the Republic's president, and set about untangling the snarl these centuries of strife had created. It was a task that would have appalled most men but not this unhesitating patriot. Surrounding himself with counselors of such ability and singleness of purpose as have characterized few other cabinets of the world he guided the storm-tossed ship of state into a quieter harbor than it ever had known and there began a reconstruction.

How well he succeeded is best evidenced by what Mexico was then and what it is now, what it did then and what it does now.

"In 1876 its imports totaled \$19,000,000; in 1905 \$178,000,000. In 1876 its exports totaled \$27,000,000; in 1905 \$208,000,000. In 1876 it had 500 kilometers (a kilometer is approximately three-fifths of a mile) of railway lines; today it has 17,000 kilometers. In 1876 its railways carried four

million passengers; in 1905, 50,000,000 passengers. In 1876 they carried 133,000,000 tons of freight; in 1905, 10,000,000,000 tons. In 1876 there were 470 kilometers of street car lines; today there are more than 5,000. In 1876 there were 976 postoffices; in 1904, 2,750 postoffices. In 1876 there were 4,850 schools; now there are 11,000 and more than a million pupils."

All this is the record of one man's almost continuous administration. Díaz was out of office only between 1880 and 1884, and the laurels are his—his and his cabinets'.

Such in brief is the history of Mexico as I understand it. Any other man you meet will have a different understanding. I don't suppose you could find any one person who would agree, exactly, with all that I have written but this need not trouble you any. The known dates are given correctly; concerning the unknown, accept my theory or frame one of your

Peculiarities of the Spanish

language as spoken in Mexico.

Patois of tribal Indians.

own, and stay by it. In the absence of specific data (which was destroyed by the zealous Spaniards when they razed the temples of the Aztecs) one theory is just about as good as any other.

As to the language. Acquaintance with Spanish is helpful but by no means indispensable and it would require the "off hours" of three months to acquire anything like a working knowledge of it. The pronunciation in Mexico is Mexican, not Castilian. That is, they do not lisp their z's here but pronounce them usually much as we do our English s. Note, please, that I say "usually"; the man who lays down a rule in Spanish without hedging behind that word "usually" gets into trouble just as inevitably as he does if he omits the same precaution in German. A is ah, e is æ or ay, i is e, o is o, u is oo. B is the English b softened almost to v. C is k before a, o, u, or any consonant, and plain c before e and i. G has an "aspirated guttural sound," if you know what that means. H is always silent. Double l is practically y. N with the mark (ñ) over it is like ni in the English word pinion. Double r is pronounced by rolling the letter until you fairly stutter. The rest (there is no w) are much like the same letters in English, except x, which is a hard nut. When it is at the hind end of a word or syllable it is just a plain docile old English x,

but when it gets up in front it metamorphoses like the Smiths when they move into town and become Smythes. Instead of remaining *x* it changes itself—no one knows why—into something that sounds very much like a compromise between an aspirated *h* and an unexpected hiccough. The results are bothersome. For instance the pronunciation of the name of this proud old Romanic republic becomes not Mexeeeko, as we were taught at school, but Mae-he-ko, with the accent on the first syllable.

All pronunciations are soft as a May breeze and, while daunting at first, are more easily mastered after one arrives here than you would suppose possible. It is the prettiest language in the world, as spoken by these people, but the Indians out in the remoter parts never have taken it up and still use the patois their ancestors did long before Cortéz came.

The Germans and French appear to acquire the language most readily; the English and Americans most tediously. There is, however, this saving feature: a Mexican never laughs at a "gringo's" errors of speech. When learning one will, like the vigilance committee that hanged the wrong men, "make some ridiculous blunders," but Don Manuel will seem never to notice.

You will find Don Manuel very much a gentleman.

Gateways between the sister republics and the distance of each from travel centers.

As to itinerary. Coming by rail, you could enter Mexico via any of three bridges over the Rio Grande river. The eastern-most is between Laredo, Tex., and New Laredo, Mex., 153 miles from San Antonio and 803 miles from the City of Mexico. The middle one is between Eagle Pass, Tex., and Ciudad (City) Porfirio Díaz, Mex., 165 miles from San Antonio and, via Monterrey and Reata, 919 miles from the City of Mexico. The western-most is between El Paso, Tex. and Ciudad Juárez, Mex., and soon a fourth may be built between Brownsville, Tex., and Matamoros, Mex., on the Gulf coast. There is still another place of crossing the border in the extreme west, but that line does not lead to the capital and hence will not interest you particularly. From each of the three other existing gateways there is through sleeping car service to the City of Mexico.

Coming by boat from New York, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, Texas City or Havana you could land at Vera Cruz and, via the Interoceanic, reach me here from the south in-

stead of the north. To satisfy your party, however, I suppose the rail service would be preferable both coming and going as it enables visitors to see much more of the country.

So enter at Laredo and exenut there or at Eagle Pass. With a few side trips costing but little you can round out a clear, comprehensive conception for whose deficiencies you will not have to be eternally apologizing after you return and face inquisitorial guns at home.

I cannot undertake to give you all the details of such a trip as this but will just outline it so you may judge more definitely of the time required and of the expense. For the full statistics, history and legends of the various places I would recommend Reau Campbell's Guide, which you can get of the American Tourist Association in the Marquette Building, Chicago, for \$1.50, and here in Mexico City for \$3 (Mexican currency). It contains, in addition to the description of points of interest and their history, a glossary of Mexican every-day words and phrases, translated to show both their meaning and pronunciation. "Wonderlands of America" is a new guide containing the best illustrations of any and is very popular with the tourists; the National Lines' representatives have publications similar in nature and scarcely less exhaustive, and special local editions are obtainable in many of the towns along the way at trivial cost.

Guide books and the railways' folders. What to do on the other side of the Rio Grande.

The first feature after you cross the border will be the customs inspection. Fear not; it's simple as a, b, c. While your train is crossing the bridge get your hand baggage unlocked and in such condition that it may be thrown open readily. Just after you roll onto Mexican soil, Mexican inspectors will come aboard and pass through all the cars. When they approach your section, place your suitcases and handbags upon the seats, throw them all open and step back out of the way. The inspector will lift a thing or two, lay them back just as he found them, paste a label on each case and bag, and pass on. It's all over in 90 seconds by the watch and you are at liberty to re-lock your things, over which the guards at the doors will thereafter keep vigil, allowing no one to enter the car who was not in it when it arrived.

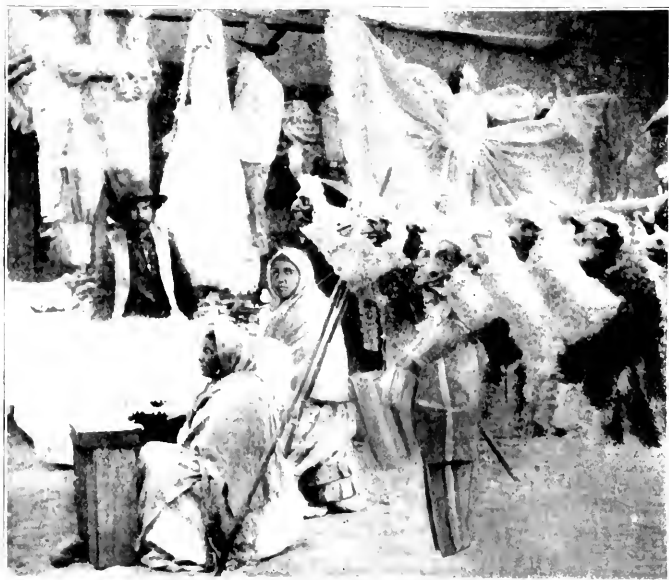
If you have trunks you will have to go to the Custom house at the head of the train. Turn in at the first door and get Mexican money. The ticket agent, an American, will make the exchange on a basis of two Mexican dollars for one



Passion Play of Mexico. (Page 40.)



The Blowing Up of Judas. (Page 42.)



Pimantas for the Posadas. (Page 42.)

United States dollar, and you may have it in any denomination from centavos (pennies), two-cent pieces, dimes, twenty-cent pieces, halves and pesos (dollars), to five-dollar, ten-dollar and twenty-dollar bills or gold pieces.

Just beyond the ticket office is the Custom port—merely a large baggageroom with an office in the corner. All the trunks on your train will have been taken out and placed in one end of this room. Point to yours; a Mexican cargador will slide it out from the rest to an open space in the middle of the room. You unlock it and lift the lid. The inspector will go through it from top to bottom and derange things some, but don't you try to re-adjust them there. Motion your cargador to bring your trunk on over to the other end of the room for the re-arrangement of its contents. This re-arranging will not be much of a trick—just about the amount of work that follows a digital expedition to the bottom for a thing forgotten. When all is ship-shape and re-locked, give up your old checks for new ones which an English-speaking baggageman will hand you; tip your faithful cargador a Mexican dime or two; light a fresh cigar and stroll back to your sleeper with that serenity which shall make all others envious of your “perfect familiarity with the customs of the country.” If you wish to make the bluff particularly convincing, address the Customs agent with a familiar “Buenas noches, Señor,” (Good evening, sir), and your cargador with “Ah-kee, ombray! Ah-kee!” (phonetic for “Here, man! here!”) pointing to the spot to which you wish your trunk shifted.

“Passengers’ Assistants”
relieve the traveler of every
little care at ports of entry.

You need not concern yourself about the ladies of the party. Indeed it will be best to have each go through alone under the guidance of the “Passengers’ Assistant,” a representative of the railroad whose sole mission is straightening out other people’s kinks. He gets aboard all the passenger trains before the border is reached, and remains among the travelers until all are through at the customs. You may hand him any kind of trouble and he will know the quickest and best way to adjust it. His services are gratuitous.

The duties? Well, you stand the finest chance in the world of coming through without a penny’s tax if you will give a little heed to the following which I quote from a National Lines circular:

“Each passenger may import (into Mexico) free of duty

his own articles of clothing, which, according to the judgment of the inspector must not be excessive, taking into consideration, however, the apparent circumstances of the passenger; the articles upon his person, or for his own use, such as a watch, chain, buttons, cane, etc., and one or two firearms, (Mauzers excepted,) and not to exceed one hundred cartridges; one hundred cigars, forty packages of cigarettes, and one-half a kilogram (one and one-tenth pounds) of snuff or chewing tobacco; and books that have been used.

"Any objects, which, in the opinion of the Custom house officials, have not been worn, will have to pay duty, if dutiable, even when passengers bring them in with their baggage. Only adults can bring in tobacco in any form."

There are some special exemptions for craftsmen and for theatrical artists, but in your particular case this isn't important as you don't know (or at least didn't used to) a tack hammer from a brad awl, nor nose putty from burnt cork. Sling your camera (no duty) over your shoulder; you can

On the trip from Laredo to
Mexico City via Monterrey
and the National Railroad.

get extra supplies at any of our principal Mexican towns, and can have your developing done here if you wish.

This custom business for a full train load occupies approximately an hour. About six hours later, if you have entered via Laredo, you will arrive at Monterrey, which has a population of 75,000, an altitude of nearly 1,800 feet and facilities for entertaining you very well three or four days. It was founded as Santa Lucía in 1560—just forty-nine years before Hendrik Hudson steered the "Half Moon" into New York Bay and fifty-one years before Adrian Block established Manhattan's first trading post. You will be told that Monterrey is "the most American of Mexico's cities," (and, in the same breath, that it "has a brewery"), but you will find it quite as strange as you would care to begin with. Spend a morning at the Topo Chico thermal baths and an afternoon in the native shops and market—like none you ever saw before; another morning at Bishop Verger's Palace, built in 1782 and a mighty storm center in the Mexican war of '46-7; another afternoon at the smelters; a full day at the García Caves, really greater and more wonderful than Kentucky's. Then, if you have it to spare, spend a fourth day just riding around the town in an open carriage or in queer little observation cars drawn

by mule soubrettes with high French heels and driven by cocheros whose "Sh-sh-sh" you will later find repeated wherever in Mexico there is a native and a mule.

You will wish to see the ruins of the original Church of San Francisco which are old (1560) and the Cathedral which is new (1792). These you will find right in the heart of town surrounded by miles and miles of one-story and two-story buildings whose architecture and whose inmates will both amaze and delight you. A Chicago photographer came to Mexico with one hundred plates upon which he proposed to take one hundred views, each representing a different part of the Republic. Monterrey was his first stop and when he finished there he had just seven plates left. If you had been in his place you would no doubt have done differently—you would have used up the other seven.

Your evenings in Monterrey you will spend where you spend many, many other evenings in Mexico—at the music plazas. These are **Concerts and the audiences they draw. The Mexican as a performer and as a listener.** luxuriant little parks, centrally located, in which the government bands play nearly every night and many afternoons under grand old trees and surrounded by shrubbery, palms and people. Every little town has one of these plazas, and the cities, many—some of them ornamented with elegant fountains. Here at the capital there are a dozen or more of these beautiful places in addition to the glorietsas of the Paseo, and one of the standing features of the daily papers is the announcement of the plazas and glorieta pagodas at which the free concerts of that day are to be given. Wherever and whenever music starts, the Mexican grows statuesque and the stage effect in one of these moonlit plazas at a night concert is of a kind one never forgets. The crowds include all the types of the old and the new dominion. Robed Indians as stalwart as the Moctezumas; fashion-tailored Mexicans of a distinctly modern type! Women whose beauty is that of the wilderness; ladies whose charms have been given by culture! Lads in cotton trousers and the sandals of a thousand years ago; maids who know the glories of a Paris shop! Scions whose fingers are covered with gems; daughters whose rings are all in their ears! There is coquetry and merriment but not one jarring sound. The gentlest, quietest, most respectful auditors musicians ever had! And the music? My dear

friend the music of Mexico is not a thing to be dealt with casually. The Mexican is a music-lover to his very finger tips. He wants it everywhere and all the time. I have passed four open-air concerts on the same street in the same quarter-hour. Six restaurants here in the city maintain orchestras qualified for heavy concert work. Sunday morning serenades at the bath houses are not infrequent. Practically every Mexican household has its piano or harp and the daughters thereof are at their exercises before we slothful "gringos" have left our beds. The humble peon will spend his last centavo for a a "mouth-organ" and stand for hours playing softly to himself. At grand opera last night (we have it summer and winter here) an orchestra of eighty instruments was conducted with such brilliancy that later the leader was literally forced up onto the stage three times to bow his acknowledgments with the prima donna and tenor. The applause, I noticed, came with equal vehemence from boxes and balconies.

Government bands, their leaders and their effect upon the wise pastors' discourses.

Mexico's bands are, in the main, established organizations whose members live by their art alone, and the individual member's attendance at all rehearsals and concerts is obligatory and "insufficient practice" an unknown apology. All are in uniform of one kind or another, and some of their leaders close competitors of Sousa in acrobatic grace and digital finesse. Occasionally here in the city two bands are assigned to the Alameda for the same Sunday morning and then—well, the wise minister, having seen the announcement, makes his sermon very, very brief.

From Monterrey move on to Saltillo on an afternoon train. It will be made up of third class coaches very like your largest street cars, of second class coaches neat and comfortable but without upholstery, and of first class coaches as clean, easy-riding and well-equipped as your best in the States. You may smoke anywhere in any of them, but being of the elite you will ride in the first class only. You will remember this ride from Monterrey to Saltillo many years. It occupies three and one half hours, accomplishes a climb of 3478 feet in 67 miles and carries one perpetually among Olympian hills that are almost mountains.

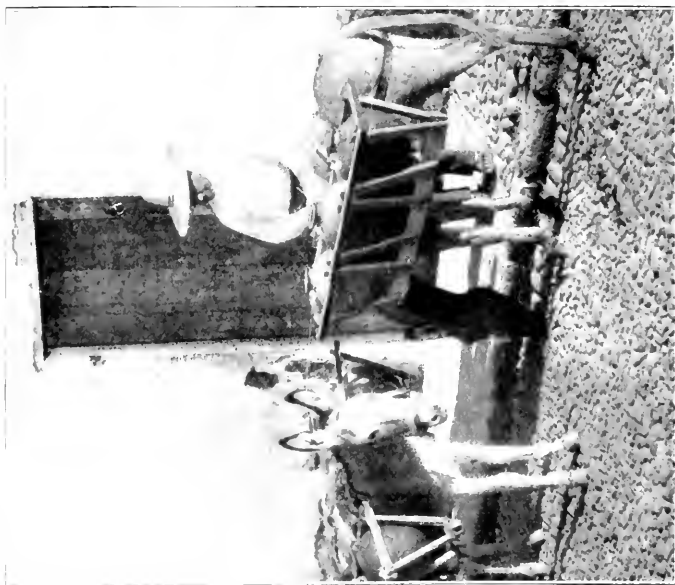
Saltillo. "City of Roses," should be given at least one day



A Village Shop and its Delivery Wagon. In strange contrast with the Delivery Automobiles of the Capital.



Typical Carriador and Typical Burden.



The Water-Wheels of Interior Mexico.

and preferably three. It's not tremendously large (25,000) but tremendously fascinating. It's the capital of the State of Coahuila which once included all of Texas, and in its state house you will find a picture of Doña Vicario, the idolized heroine of the prettiest romance of love and war I ever heard or read. Saltillo, is, too, preeminently *the* zarape town. When your wife once gets her fingers on one of those superbly colored garments, half blanket, half shawl, light as silk but impenetrable as rubber, you may as well reach for your pesos. And whimper not, as that same zarape, serving first as the most useful ornament of your den, will become, later, the heirloom for a dozen generations of your tribe. Your great-great-grandchildren will be parading its unfading colors long after you have passed into that unchronieled oblivion to which the great-great-grandfather always goes from the strenuous nation of neglected ancestry.

If you are up in Mexican war history (which isn't probable; few are) you might visit Buena Vista battlefield six miles south of town where Taylor and Santa Anna fought like demons in '47. If you don't go out, watch for it as you are leaving on the train.

Buena Vista battlefield and the refuge of fourteen famous robbers of early times.

Six hours below Saltillo is Catoree, the ancient refuge of the Fourteen Robbers—a strange old town over whose perpendicular streets no vehicle ever passed. Two days will be enough as the principal attraction in addition to the quaintness and dramatic history of the place is the wealth of the mines about it.

Spend a day at San Luis Potosí, 75,000 population, 242 miles south of Saltillo and 700 feet farther up in the air. The town has no stellar feature but needs none. Each of the 350 years of its existence has added a few more touches to its quaint beauty and a few more millions to its wealth—a wealth so vast that to "Saint Louis" was added "Potosí" meaning treasure. The addition was made long ago by a venerable monk familiar with the wealth of Potosí, Perú. Under the city is a most extensive labyrinth of passages connecting the principal churches and opened only once each year. There is too, a cemetery (Saucito) in one corner of which I personally have seen a loose pile of tons and tons of human skeletons—cast out when the sepulchral rent came due.

For a side trip from San Luis you might run down to Tampico (275 miles) past the noted Tamasopo Pass, Bridge of the Gods and Choy Cave. There is good surf bathing, and the finest tarpon fishing in the world—just where the river enters the Gulf.

Returning to San Luis continue southward to San Miguel de Allende, founded in 1560, conspicuous in history and ornamented with some wonderful gardens. If you have plenty of time you might well spend a day there, and perhaps another day at Dolores Hidalgo, where the patriot priest Hidalgo cradled liberty and struck the first decisive blow for independence from Spain, in 1810. The old house he occupied still stands and in it are preserved many interesting relics. Dolores, by the by, is north of San Miguel and properly I should have mentioned it first.

At Querétaro, 160 miles south of San Luis, spend a day or two. Begin with a purchase of three opals—one will be genuine, the others may be. Hopkinson Smith said every one in Querétaro sells opals, but this is not true; there are many children in arms there. Visit the little chapel that marks the place of Maximilian's execution (June 19, 1867) and ramble through the historic old convent that served as his prison through anxious days.

Approaching and entering the
nation's capital. Time to al-
low for the features there.

From Querétaro come on through to Mexico City—and to me. Set no time limit for your stay in this Spanish-Parisian-American-Oriental-Occidental capital, but come as Jonah went into the whale—with no definite notion of when you will leave. Hurried folks stay a week; leisurely folks a month; folks who are neither hurried nor leisurely two weeks.

You won't really need me—English is spoken at every second street corner—but I propose to take you in tow anyhow. In this city of about 400,000 souls there are 5,000 Yankees (30,000 in the entire Republic) and nothing is so dear to any of them as the privilege of being present when the gringo's eyes begin to widen. And they always do widen. Yours will, like the rest.

We shall leave Colonia station through a park that will be green and bright with blooms no matter in what month you come, and shall drive to some hotel—possibly to that which once was the palace of an emperor. Your names will all be

written on an immense blackboard and you will be shown to rooms in which the destinies of a nation have been molded. Our first meal will be at a private table under the arches of a vast patio or open court in which are tropical ferns and most seductive music. There you shall be made acquainted with many dishes more puzzling to you than the soups of the *Taverne Pousset* and quite as delicious.

Of course you can cling to home diet if you prefer as all hotels and restaurants here include your staples in their menu, but I trust you won't. It always has seemed to me that the traveler who follows uningeniously the gastronomic routine he pursued at home misses the real lark of his expedition just as widely as did the man who went to New York "to tackle high life" and then could think of nothing to order but bacon and eggs.

You like fruit and this is a fruit country of first rank, but to oranges, bananas and mangos why not, when ordering, add the *chirimoya* which has a white pulp and black seeds and tastes like a combination of ice cream and watermelon; the *zapote* which looks like a round Irish potato, has a brown-sugar complexion inside and tastes like another one would be acceptable; and the *granada* which looks like a lemon, sometimes smells like a fresh coat of varnish and always tastes so good that you forgive the odor. You need not worry about the way to manage any of these; any one who can eat a mango without a mackintosh can master the others blindfolded.

Peculiarities of some fruits
and vegetables which may
be new to the reader north

The *aguacate*, your alligator pear, you will find used here in salads and *consommés* with a new philosophy and great benefit to mankind.

Among the dulces, or desserts, Mexico has a "conserva de higo" or syruped fig such as you could not get at any price where figs are not grown.

The country's meats and fowls are much like those of the States except in the instance of the *mole de guajolote*. *Mole de guajolote* is a very wonderful affair combining the boiled anatomy of a turkey with a thick gravy into which enter three kinds of chile, cloves, cinnamon, anise-seed, sesame-seed, pumpkin-seed, chocolate and all the wisdom of the cook. It doesn't sound good but it is. The native epicure finds in it a joy quite beyond expression.

Chile, of course, is one of our strong suits. The Mexicans utilize it in more ways than our Pittsburg friend utilizes

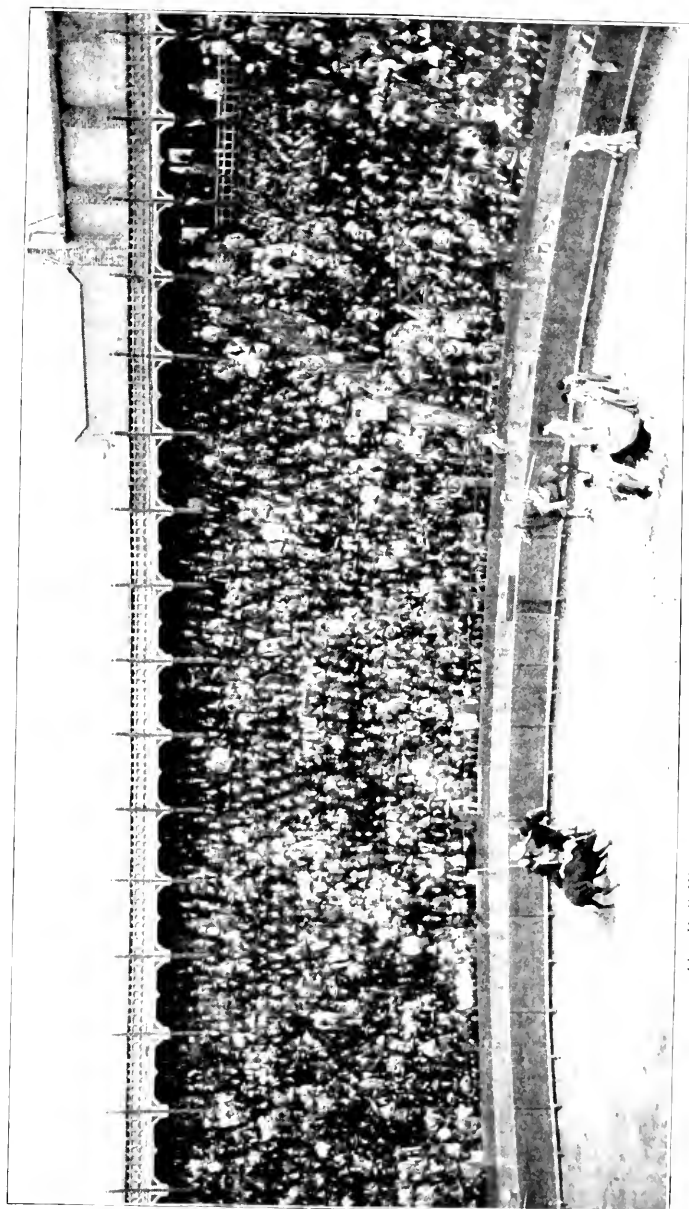
pickles, but my favorite and the one I commend to you is not chile con carne (chile with meat) but chiles rellenos which are green mango peppers stuffed with chopped meat, raisins, nuts and cheese, covered with whipped egg and fried in hot lard.

The tortilla, another common and more or less maligned Mexican creation, is a corn cake about as large around as a rice saucer, thin as leather and no more toothsome in its raw state. Used tandem or four-in-hand with spicier things, or toasted and buttered, it is quite delicious. Enchiladas, for instance, are tortillas covered with cheese, onions, chopped peppers and shreds of pork, and served with a red-pepper sauce poured over them.

Frijoles are Mexican kidney beans, main support of the poorer classes. You may not care for them but at least experiment. Order "frijoles refritos"—which will mean that you want those that have been boiled and then fried in lard, and are ready to be served with grated cheese.

Clientage of the high class places is noticeably cosmopolitan and slightly Bohemian.	Fish and oysters we have in abundance and of fair quality; the bread used is largely the French loaf; the soups of Mexico make friends of all who come; the meats make friends of some and life-long enemies of others. But then that's true everywhere—not just in Mexico and at the hotel I have been mentioning.
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You will like this place but we shall not always dine here. Sometimes we shall go to a Marguery sort of restaurant with Frenchy "cabinets particuliers," salons and a less-exclusive, more-Bohemian portico reaching out to welcome the promenaders of the broad Paseo. We shall take a table screened by a hedge of potted plants and study contrasts. Nearby, a continental pair brilliant with diamonds and animate with wine. Next to them a New Englander plain as Roger Williams' church, abstemious as its congregation. In another direction a ruddy young Englishman wedded to his syphon, his cane and his jolly-red tie. A little farther off, three Germans treating, each fellow himself. In a corner more secluded, a Mexican with his entire family including two grown daughters toward whom the heir to New York millions is easting from a neighboring table ardent glances not wholly unrequited. Painters of canvas and sculp-



At a Bull Fight. The largest Bull Ring in the World is in Mexico City. Page 423



A Mexican "Bailadora" or Dancing Girl, (Page 43.)



Your Serenaders, (Page 24.)

tors of stone! Students of language and fighters of bulls! Models for Carmencitas of the kind John Sargent painted and maids demure as the kind Myles Standish wanted! Youths come to cut their wisdom teeth and women come to assist! Men who have traveled many lands and wives who have traveled none! The gaudily rich and respectably poor; the respectably rich and the gaudily poor! A crowd forever merry but never maudlin, never permitted to go beyond a certain decorous limit established by the presence of the quiet family group over in the corner. You will like this place too, old man, and your wife will like it, and our leaving will not be because we fear to remain.

Occasionally we—you and I—will drop in at the American and British Clubs and possibly, if bidden, at the University, Spanish, French and German. You can ask business questions of business men who will be able to tell you many things which, as a Yankee exporter, you will wish to know. It is at the clubs that the stranger finds it possible to snuggle up very close to our “powers that be” and to deliver his little message if he has one.

The gentle bard from Indiana
has inspiration for another “Old
Sweetheart of Mine”—maybe!

We cannot well take the women to the clubs but we can and will take them to each of a half dozen other catering places ranging in pretentiousness from a German restaurant with a cathedral front to a Chinese kitchen with no front at all; from truly French cafés flourishing under Parisian *maitre d’hôtels* to tiny wayside fondas that never have flourished and never will wish to. In four squares and as many days you will be introduced to more different viands and vintages than you ever saw between Hinky Dink’s and the Randolph station. Some day when we are alone I shall take you also into a little ice-cream parlor or *dulcería* and put you under the spell of a pair of Mexican eyes. I shall order *refrescos* for two and then pretend to become engrossed in the wall friezes. When I turn about again I shall find you following those same eyes like a Johnnie of twenty and you will be miles and miles away. When I remark that the *refrescos* are very good (which will be the truth) you will merely sigh like Lady Macbeth asleep and eventually I shall have to lead you out into the street and bump you into something hard to bring you back to earth.

Oh, pooh pooh if you like, you old Pharisee. You’ll melt just like the rest of us when you fall under the spell. James Whitcomb Riley is no youth and no amateur among

things beautiful, but when he was down here in February of 1906, he told a friend of mine—this is history—that a pair of these same eyes had come to his mind as he lay in bed at night and that he framed a little poem about them. If ever you see something about Mexican eyes by the Hoosier poet, get it for me if it takes your last peso. I'd give my little all for something which would really do justice to the soft-June-night orbs of this occidental paradise.

Our Sunday dinner will be at six, at Chapultepec where there is a pavilion café quite like your Parisian pet, the Madrid. About us from 4 to 7 will parade the wealth and aristocracy of Mexico. It will be much as though we were served on the White House lawn with all Washington's notables and diplomats passing in review—for Chapultepec was the seat of ancient kings and is today the summer home of the president and the West Point of Mexico's cadets. Within

Sunday dinners where every
ruler, Moctezuma to Diaz,
has had official residence.

two hundred paces of our table one of the Republic's best bands will be playing. For a background we shall have the crags and the castle that have played so conspicuous a part in the affairs of North America since long before the pride of Pennsylvania Avenue first took form. Later we shall tour the regal domain, sit where Moctezuma sat to weep for the passing glory of his race, stand where Cortéz stood to view the future of New Spain, pause at the tomb of Chapultepec's beardless defenders of '47, mount the marble dais upon which their successors are each year graduated; stroll under patriarchal trees that have sheltered romances and intrigues, lovers and warriors through long eventful centuries, and ascend, eventually, to that height from which there is the grandest view in all Mexico—some say, in all the world.

Our return to the city may be in electric cars or in carriages. If the latter we will become part of the proudest, smartest social pageant you ever beheld. Longer than the Ramayana, more resplendent than an inaugural! Carriages five abreast and every horse at a show trot. Brilliant lights and brilliant gems on the women passing under them. Coachmen and footmen all in livery, harness gold mounted, carriages marked with coats-of-arms. You think I am straining this for effect, but upon my honor I have overdrawn nothing. This Sunday afternoon and evening parade is the

greatest social show of the Western World. It is on the Paseo de la Reforma, a boulevard of the Maximilian days, nearly a block wide, three miles long and level as a floor—"Champs-Élysées of Mexico." Along the borders of this proud old way, policed by cavalry guards in dazzling uniforms, are auto paths, wide walks, immense benches carved from single blocks of stone, and nearly one hundred bronze urns and figures of illustrious men. Occasionally the boulevard widens into *círculos* (*glorietas*) and in these are pagoda-like band stands and some ancient statues ranked among the world's greatest works of art. For instance, an equestrian conception of Charles IV of Spain cast from fifteen tons of bronze more than a hundred years ago and still the largest single piece in this western hemisphere and perhaps in the world! Cordier's Columbus (the first erected to his memory on the continent he discovered) on a massive block of red marble and surrounded by heroic figures of the good Pedro de Gante and Bartolomé de las Casas, the Indians' pleaders, Diego Dehesa, confessor to Ferdinand of Spain, and Perez de Marchena, who went to Isabella in Columbus' behalf! Cuauhtémoc, last of the Aztec emperors, surmounting a base displaying the scene of his torture—the most commanding figure I ever have seen!

Statues on the famous boulevard; ancient paintings, carvings and Aztec treasures.

These and the Liberty monument, most imposing of all, will be directly in our way as we return from Chapultepec and will contribute to a general effect which I defy you to excel from the Madeleine to the Bastille, from the Battery to the Bronx, from the river to Sheridan Park.

On other days you can do your rambling among the city's antiques and make your street car excursions to the suburbs. The National Library has 200,000 volumes from suppressed monasteries and convents, deerskin war messages of the Conquest days and manuscripts of every period since. The National School of Fine Arts has a crucifixion by Sebastian Arteaga, founder of art in Mexico, and hundreds of other treasures scarcely less precious. The National Museum, fostered by a government decree of ownership of all antiques wherever found in the Republic, contains gods, idols, the Sacrificial and Calendar stones, hundreds of other Toltec and Aztec legacies, Moctezuma's shield, Maximilian's corona-

tion coach, the liberty banner of Guadalupe—almost a complete allegory of the Republic's rise and progress. The National Palace where the President and Senate labor and where Mexico's Liberty Bell now hangs, marks the site of a Cortéz palace and was begun in 1692. The National Pawn Shop has tons of ancient and modern forfeits from illustrious but decadent palaces and you may, if you wish, take home enough antiques of royal descent to supply a dozen houses like yours. The School of Mines, the Mint, the colleges, the churches, the charitable institutions—these modern things all vie in interest with the city's ancient causeways and aqueducts, historic cathedral and shrines, precious monuments and statues, grand old parks and plazas. (Have I mentioned that the Alameda, our Sunday morning and evening concert and promenade park, laid out and forested in 1789 was, some two hundred odd years before, the principal quemadero for the burning of those whom the Inquisition found weak in faith? It's a beautiful peaceful place now,

An old torture-ground of Inquisition days now used as a music plaza and promenade.

with a perpetual canopy of green, hundreds of tropical plants and ferns and several of the most exquisite fountains imaginable, but in the old days its only music was the groan of the tortured and its most conspicuous feature their charred flesh.)

Out in the beautiful Valley of Mexico are the suburbs that once were cities and makers of history. Coyoacán with the house and well in which Cortéz is supposed to have tortured Cuauhtémoc and dispatched the accusing Catalina who now lies buried in a neighboring churchyard! San Ángel with a Carmelite monastery and church three centuries old. Mixcoac, "village of flowers and bricks;" Molino del Rey and Churubusco, historic battlefields of '47; Tacubaya with its "blessed tree" of eternal green and its cherished memory of the Monte Carlo days; Tlalpam where the artists live; Tacuba (Tlacopan) one of the original three, and now distinguished by the presence of the Tree of the Dismal Night; Atzeapotalco (whose name translated suggests the legend of the Myrmidones, transformed by Zeus from ants to men) near where, in a spring of crystal water, lurks the siren that no man may withstand at dusk. El Desierto, "a fairy place of grottoes, fountains and flowers," founded by Carmelite monks, who, if appearances be honest (which a Dominican has ener-

getically denied) imposed worse self-torture than those bare gymnosophists of Alexander's time; La Piedad with the picture that the sea storm painted; Tajo de Nochistongo, the great drainage canal (begun in 1607, finished in 1767) 700 feet wide, 200 feet deep and 13 miles long; Tetzcoztinco the "laughing hill." Viga Canal, Nellie Bly's pet theme, "a bit of Old Venice" leading up to the floating islands and the home of the bullfighter who became a philanthropist; Guadalupe, most sacred shrine of Mexico, where Juan Diego's plain zarape was, December 12, 1531, converted by the Virgin into a beautiful tilma bearing her image and still preserved in a frame of pure gold, surrounded by a solid silver altar railing weighing twenty-six tons, crowned with a diadem which, without the gems themselves, cost \$30,000—and all sheltered by a \$3,000,000 cathedral built upon a foundation made of pagan idols.

I am not exaggerating these figures, North. All that I have written as history is history; all that I have written as legend exists as legend today. When you come you shall have the proof of the one, the evidence of the other. Mexico is beyond the belief of any who never have been here.

Guadalupe's shrine, most sacred of all in Mexico. Pachuca, center of wonderful mines.

Nor will your entertainment end here in the valley of the capital. Spend a day in the very old, very wealthy and very breezy city of Pachuca, 68 miles above the capital via the Hidalgo & Northeastern railroad. There are about 300 mines around the town, and the region has been perhaps the world's greatest silver producer, but you who care so little for the original birthplace of the root of all evil will find your best amusement among the quaint old structures in the town proper.

Returning to this city, unpack your lightest garments and go, some night, to Vera Cruz. Your dozen hours ride in an Interoceanic sleeping car will drop you 7,349 feet. From a high plateau to the gangplanks of ocean vessels from many ports! Spend a day among these. Tour the custom houses. Drink in the beauty of a harbor fairer than the Golden Gate before the fire. Look over at old Saerificios and at San Juan de Ulúa prison rising white and stern about men whose crimes were red. Mingle with tars of many nations and jostle in crowds bound everywhere. Cruise the Gulf in a puffing

launch or tidy yacht. Then retrace your steps to the heart of the place and live awhile in a tropical town—the first important one that Cortéz founded. Take your meals and your 5 o'clock refrescos under the portales—sidewalk awnings that shelter as completely as a tent and are ornamental as those of the hotels along your idolized Seine. Toss an occasional scrap to waiting buzzards in the streets—a law-protected cleaning gang. Marvel at the philosophy which practices this municipal economy but closes all its stores and shops from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m. of every day, sending their inmates to “breakfast” and to bed. Marvel, too, that in this city of the Very True Cross there is made a cocktail and a mint julep that bibulous men ride fifty leagues to quaff.

Ninety days of every winter in Vera Cruz are glorious. The other ten are marred by northers blowing in from across the Gulf. Of these the Signal Service has full warning and when you get the sign, go away.

Tehuantepec near, with its
new ocean-to-ocean railway
through the wonderful Tropics.

in a dozen hours to the wonderful isth-
mian tropics. Or take a morning train
for a half-day's ride 4,541 feet up the
mountain slopes to Jalapa past a pano-
rama of cocoanut palms, banana trees, coffee groves and
tiger jungles—the last fringing the track with mossy trees
taller than temple spires and with exquisite ferns twice the
height of a man. Spend that afternoon in Jalapa's Moorish
streets, reveling in the quaintness of its Sixteenth century
roofs and tiny balconies; and in the beauty of its flowers and
its daughters—the latter traditionally the fairest in all Mex-
ico. Next morning (by the by, you can set your watch by
the oldest clock in America) take the jungle trip over the
Jalapa & Córdoba railroad through the Coatepec Valley and
behold such a cornucopia of plenty as the boy Plutus never
could have supported.

From Jalapa, next afternoon, continue the trip (six hours) to Puebla, “village of the Angels.” It's now a smart and tidy business city of 100,000 souls all saved by the general devoutness and the forty-six existing churches. In every war since 1532 Puebla has played a part. Zaragoza's repulse of the French May 5, 1862, created a national holiday which is still observed; the city's re-occupancy by the French in 1863 stirred Mexicans to greater daring and its re-capture April 2, 1867 by Díaz, now president, was one of the series of vic-

tories that created a new republic. Its plaza is of superlative beauty and its massive cathedral, consecrated April 18, 1649, has but a single equal—the one at the capital. The city is the market place of the exquisitely carved onyx from Tehuacán, and the starting point for rail pilgrimages over the Mexican Southern to Oaxaca and the prehistoric Mitla ruins, now so much discussed by scientists. (Oaxaca is twelve hours by rail from Puebla, and Mitla five hours by stage from Oaxaca.) Half of one of your days assigned to Puebla, give to the Pyramid of Cholula—broader than the greatest in Egypt and declared by Ignatius Donnelly in "Atlantis" to have been the original Tower of Babel. By train or by street car it is less than an hour's ride out across the Atoyac Valley and when you reach the top, where once hundreds of human hearts were torn from living beings with great ceremony to appease the gods of Paganism, you will find a very interesting church occupying the site of the Aztec temple while spread out below is the mournful remnant of that once proud city in which Cortéz counted four hundred towers and massacred three thousand or more inhabitants.

Routes to the prehistoric temple at Mitla and Sacrificial Mound at Cholula.

From Puebla go to Atlixco for one day of reverent dreaming in a heavenly plaza that God built for Himself.

Then on to Cuautla—Cuautla the quaintest, quietest, pleasantest place the eye of mortal ever rested upon! A treasure of the dim old past kept green and fresh by the waters of a bounteous spring, to bathe in which is to take new lease of life! Spend a day in the tropical groves and another at the nearby sugar hacienda—this latter so great that a thousand men in fields and mill toil early and late to keep apace with Nature's productiveness. Before you leave the town stroll through the oldest railway station in the world—a ravished church and monastery whose cloisters have been laid bare to accommodate unholy trunks and traveling bags, and whose altar echoes now the thud of tumbling crates and somersaulting barrels.

From Cuautla, at 4353 feet, soar (by rail) 3836 feet higher to Amecameca—that holy little city up whose Sacred Mountain thousands and thousands of the faithful each year climb upon their knees to worship at a cave wherein there dwelt a saint so godly that death brought no mortification to his flesh but left it quite intact. It's now reposing in a glass sarcophagus.

gus upon a tiny altar in the cavern chapel and when I climbed up there prepared to brush aside the sham I found that which I could neither deride nor explain—a mystery which, if it be hoax, is a very, very clever one.

After Amecameca come on into the capital again for a few days, make a side trip to Cuernavaca seventy-four miles in another direction, and then start northward and homeward if you wish.

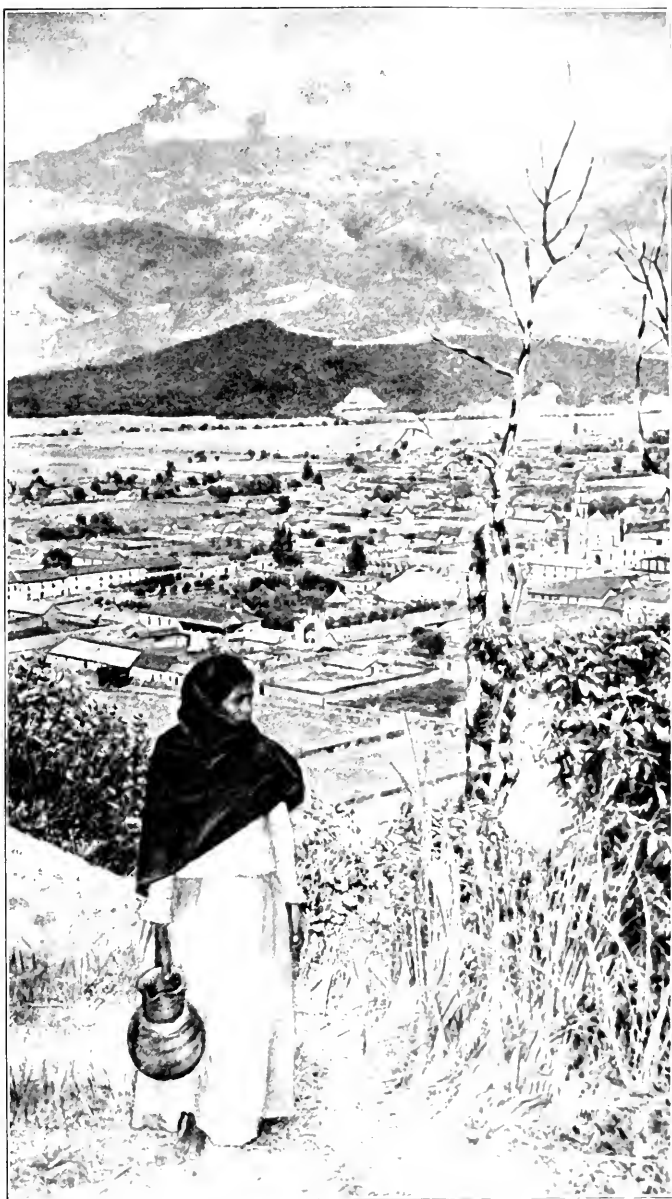
I want you to make this initial part of your return journey over the Scenic Line, the western-most of the two between Mexico City and Gonzalez. (Look at your map, please: I may not make my explanation clear.) The three hours' ride up over the hills to Toluca is one of the greatest joys of Mexico, and in the place itself, a city since 1677, you will find antiques that will justify a day or so, and may, for other diversion, ride in a few hours to a crystal lake high up in the crater of a once mighty volcano.

Crater Lake in the extinct volcano of Toluca. El Oro and the millions it mines.

At Tultenango, if you have the time, transfer to the trains of a little road extending seven miles to El Oro where there are mines richer than Midas' swimming hole in the old Pactolus and known for more than two hundred years. In 1805 a cargo of ore from one sold for \$72 Mexican currency per pound. A hundred years later the output of one totaled \$4,000,000 and of another \$3,000,000 and of others scarcely less. What do you say, North, to rocks worth \$7,000 per ton—and to a mining camp where they wear silk underwear and have a polo club?

Seventy-five miles beyond Tultenango and 178 miles from the City of Mexico is Acámbaro, where the only change from conditions three hundred and fifty years ago (the city was laid out September 19, 1526) is the erection of a new depot and hotel.

You will leave the through line here for a side trip through Mexico's lake region to Morelia, Pátzcuaro and Uruapan. I say "you will" with such great confidence because I am going to take you over there myself. I go twice every year, not on business but because to my mind it's the prettiest piece of country ever created, and the most fascinating. Take Morelia, for instance. F. Hopkinson Smith in "A White Umbrella in



Mt. Iztaccihuatl from Amecameca. (Pages 2 and 4.)
Underwood & Underwood.



A Mexican Loom. (Page 6.)



Meriann Palato (Shaw-Mat) Maker

Mexico" gives the key to the whole situation in this description of one street: "Acacias and elms interlaced their branches across the walks, roses ran riot over the stone benches, twisted their stems in and out of the railings, and tossed their blossoms away up in the branches of the great trees. High up against the blue, the graceful aqueduct stepped along on his slender legs trampling the high grass and through and over all the afternoon sun poured its flood of gold. The very unkempt deserted air of the place added to its beauty. It looked as if the forces of nature, no longer checked, had held high revel. The very poppies had wandered from their beds and stared at me from the roadside with brazen faces, and the once-dignified tiger lilies had turned tramps and sat astride of the crumbling curbs, nodding gaily as I passed."

That's Morelia in miniature. If you can't imagine the full canvas you're beyond my help.

Pátzenaro is forty miles farther westward, on the banks of Lake Pátzenaro—which latter, by the way, is next to Yellowstone Lake, the highest navigable water in North America. It is twenty miles long by ten miles wide and has been described as "a crystal goblet held high among cooling clouds in the grip of the Sierras."

Titian's "Entombment" and its strange surroundings in the Indian village of Tziintzuntzan.

I know of no other town like Pátzenaro and of no other environs like Pátzenaro's. It was the seat of the ancient Tarascan kings and some of the people are still living pretty much as I suppose they lived in the Tarascan days but women and boys now sit about little fires in the open plaza at night selling vegetables by the stack, and fishermen from the huts that cling so desperately to the steep sides of the lake isles contribute a peculiar picturesqueness to the "shopping crowd." Once when a king moved from Pátzenaro across the lake to Yguatzio (particularly interesting now by reason of the pyramids and ruined amphitheater there) he left his royal kitchen behind and it's told—I was not present—that for some weeks a chain of sprightly slaves had to pass the imperial viands eighteen miles around the lake's shores, from the imperial ovens to the imperial lap. As Pátzenaro is still there, and Yguatzio, and the lake shore, you can, as you ride around to see the wonderful Titian at Tziintzuntzan (an "Entombment" splendidly preserved and now actually worshiped by the Indians) easily fancy the native guides trotting at your side are

the old Tarascan slaves and that the whole regal comedy is being again enacted for your entertainment. Of the Titian I write you nothing—for it really is a Titian and what could I add to that one essential fact?

Forty-seven miles farther westward the road terminates in Uruapan, "a great city sitting upon the mountain's brow near a tangle of coffee plants and banana trees." Beyond are the jungles of the lower Pacific slope. We shall go to Uruapan if for no other purpose than to view the beautiful falls of Tzararacua, and become intimate with the source of the finest coffee in Mexico and, to my mind, on this continent.

Returning to Acámbaro and resuming the northward course you will, in forty-two miles, reach Celaya from which Guadalajara is but 199 miles, by rail, and Guanajuato but 71 miles.

From San Luis 142 miles farther along on your way home it is possible also to make detours to Aguascalientes 140 miles, and to Zacatecas 215 miles.

Routes available for return When you reach Monterrey again, **trips northward and across** you may, if you wish, turn eastward for **the border into the States.** the 205 miles journey to Matamoros, Mexico, and Brownsville, Texas, where the Rio Grande empties into the Gulf and where there is promise of great future growth.

Or, more important for one who wants to see Mexico, you can turn westward from Monterrey and traverse the Mexican International visiting Durango, Torreón, Matamoros and perhaps Monclova and Sabinas before going out through the Eagle Pass gateway. Durango is a city of 45,000 inhabitants and has a most promising business outlook. It has the famous mountain of iron, with a value estimated at 9,900 millions of dollars. Experts have said it could supply Great Britain's demand 300 years, and that the ore will yield 75 to 90 per cent pure metal. I don't know if they are correct. Neither can I personally go farther than merely quote the other quite commonly accepted tale of the ranchman upon whose premises Durango's first great silver find was made. Of him it is told that he offered to the king of Spain \$2,000,000 as a gift, and requested permission to build about his own house portales and galleries of solid silver. The king refused this privilege as being appropriate to the homes of royalty only, and thereupon the ranchman compromised by paving with silver bricks the path between his wooden house and the church whenever there was a family christening.

Torreón is in the great Laguna cotton district and is an extremely prosperous manufacturing city with 33,000 population and a wilderness of belching stacks.

From Matamoros make a side trip to Tlahualilo's cotton plantation—the largest in Mexico. It is a fact that the managers use automobiles for touring it, but only Dame Rumor sponsors the additional statement that they have to carry tents because unable to make the rounds in a single day.

Leaving Matamoros, proceed to Monclova and stop a day. When Texas and Coahuila were one state, Monclova was the capital. Now its prominence is derived principally from its being the center of a rich mining district and the subject of the only joke in the guide books. This joke reads: "Monclova was named for Viceroy Melchor Portocarrero Lazo de la Vega, Conde de la Monclova, but for obvious reasons has not retained the entire name,—which is to be applauded."

Above Monclova there is Ciudad Porfirio Díaz, a city of 15,000 inhabitants, originally Piedras Negras ("Black Rocks" from the coal City of Mexico two thousand feet higher than Denver, but around it) but later changed to bear the name of the present very popular chief visitors note no difference. executive of the nation.

If you leave via this gateway instead of via New Laredo you will use the Southern Pacific from Eagle Pass to Spofford Junction and from there may either go westward to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and to California, or turn eastward to retrace your course through San Antonio.

I am not at all certain that this skeleton itinerary has given you as clear a conception of Mexico's topography as you will want, so let me append a paragraph on altitudes.* New Laredo is 457 feet above sea level; Monterrey 1771; Saltillo 5249; San Luis Potosí 5938; Querétaro 5938; Mexico City 7349; Vera Cruz 0; Jalapa 4541; Puebla 7139; Oaxaca 5067; Cuantla 4353; Amecameca 8189; Toluca 8498; Acámbaro 5971; Morelia 6070; Pátzcuaro 6234; Uruapan 5249; Guadalajara 5054; Guanajuato 6837; Durango 6207; Torreón 3721; Matamoros (on the International) 3652; Sabinas 1116; C. P. Diaz 722.

*It should, perhaps, be explained that 8,000 feet in Mexico mean no more than do 5,000 in the farther North. With the exception of Saltillo and Durango, all the stations named above as having an elevation of more than 4000 feet are south of the Tropic of Cancer, and being thus situated in the Torrid zone comparatively near both oceans, elevation adds to, rather than detracts from the comfort of their visitors. The tourist who has visited Denver and Colorado Springs approaches Mexico City with no fears whatever.

You are keeping in mind, I trust, the fact that I intended this itinerary to be only a bare outline. Many of the places have features really more important than those to which I have referred but requiring more description than can be attempted in this letter. Off the main traveled road are places stranger to us than the planet Mars, and I can send you in a few hours to some whose picturesqueness will give you new conceptions you will cherish long.

I remember you used to prate eternally of that Landerneau chapel where the Breton peasants rode up to deposit horse-tails on the altar for Saint Eloi. If you will come to Mexico I will promise queerer ceremonies than that, for this is a land of traditions, legends and fearsome superstitions and among the illiterate classes you will find more omens and signs than swayed your simple French.

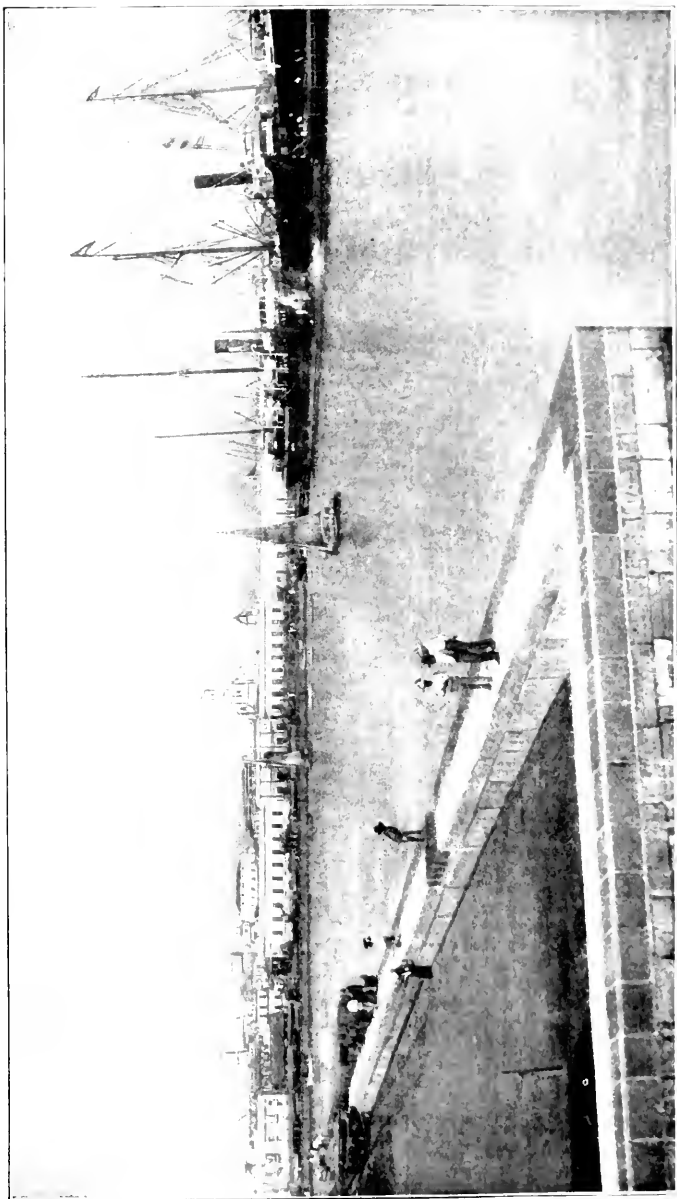
The religion and religious ceremonies of Mexico are more varied than I can attempt to describe. Denominationalism

Peculiar forms of worship still followed. Cathedrals of amazing elegance and size.

has progressed far in the cities, but this is in the main, of course, a Catholic country and has been such ever since Cortéz conquered the Moctezumas. You will see from your car windows hun-

dreds of rude crosses planted in most unexpected places; one may mark the scene of an accident or duel which cost a human life; another be a tribute to the Virgin in acknowledgment of crop blessings; another identify the place of a wedding ceremony and still others be intended merely to convince the padre of the land owners' pious zeal. Every city has many church buildings; every village has at least one, every hacienda (corresponding with the western ranch) has its own chapel, every old highway has hundreds of wayside shrines at which the faithful have long sought, by uncloseted prayer, the favor of Heaven. Goats, sheep and cattle, fowls and even song birds and household pets, curiously and grotesquely painted, are taken each year (January 17 to February 28) to the church of San Antonio Abad (out near the Churubusco golf grounds) to be blessed by a priest, that the Devil may be driven out and their productiveness during future seasons be great. The same ceremony more or less modified is performed in the open at hundreds of other places over the Republic.

The cathedrals are, as you know if you know anything at all about Mexico, one of the greatest features here for the



Port City, Harbor but not as Color; found it. (Page 235.)



A Glimpse of the Viga Canal, (Page 33.)



Maguey plant from which pulque is drawn, (Page 46.)

tourist. They are of most amazing magnificence and at least one hundred of them have been very closely identified with great historical events through more than three centuries. The bishopric of Mexico was established about 1527 by Pope Clement VII and its first bishop arrived to begin his labors a year later. For the next three hundred years there was incessant building, the most important of the structures being the capital's cathedral built on the exact site of the great pagan temple of the Aztecs, and now fronting the Plaza Mayor or Zócalo, our Herald Square and Place de l'Étoile. The cornerstone of the present cathedral was laid in 1573 (the present Old South Meeting House in Boston was erected in 1729) and the first service held in 1626. In the towers, 203½ feet high, are bells measuring twenty feet from fastenings to tongue—chimes as musical as any chimes ever could be. From north to south the building is more than 400 feet long, and from east to west 177 feet. The height from the tiled floor to the roof is 179 feet. There are magnificent arches and a facade that takes me out of my way every time I am within three blocks of the place. Notwithstanding the labor was donated and much of the material, the cost was \$2,000,000. Its doors are open all day and every day, and saint and sinner pass in and out constantly, unmolested and unmolested. The same is true of practically all the other cathedrals here and I entertain hopes of sending you home more reverent, if not more righteous, than you come. If your ways have mended none since I last saw you, you urgently need the uplifting effect of these tranquil old retreats.

Mexico City's Cathedral, the greatest church edifice of the whole western hemisphere.

Religion, tradition and patriotism have all contributed to the galaxy of holidays in Mexico where the Aztecs set the example by consecrating some special day or feast to each of thirteen principal deities and more than two hundred inferior. A representative of the National railway lines told me the other day that special rates (and, by the by, these will reduce to almost nothing the cost of many of your side trips,) are in effect for forty-nine special holidays in addition to eleven general holidays and the fifty-two Sundays—a yearly total of 112.

At Christmas time there are parades of allegorical floats at Querétaro and Celaya, there are serenades by the sailors at

Vera Cruz and there are festivities of one kind and another everywhere, the weather of that week being even more than ordinarily delightful.

The Posadas, beginning December 16 and terminating Christmas day, commemorate the Virgin's journey to Bethlehem and quest of shelter. The observance includes applying prayerfully at the doors of friends' houses for admission being first repelled, then admitted and given small presents. In the patios are swung piñatas, (fancy receptacles of fruit and sweetmeats) which are broken by striking, blindfolded with a stick. Each day is a posada in itself, and the observance complete.

Holy Week (the week preceding Easter Sunday) is the most notable of the list. Business suspends entirely Holy Thursday and Good Friday. Saturday is largely given over to festivities, which include the "blowing up" of Judas promptly at 10 in the morning, at which hour the church bells, silent since Wednesday, are rung in chorus. During all the week the Alameda is completely

Holy Week, Cinco de Mayo, surrounded by natives selling a hundred different varieties of grotesque the President's birthday, Mexican's "Fourth" and the Posadas. Judases, some loaded with explosives and others fitted with ratchet wheels the

noise of which is supposed to be the crunching of the betrayer's bones. Many of the effigies are life size and are suspended from ropes across main thoroughfares, then fired and blown to atoms, with the crowd jeering as vehemently as though the thirty pieces of silver had been paid but the day before.

May 5, (Cinco de Mayo) there are military parades and other ceremonies in commemoration of Zaragoza's repulse of the French at Puebla in 1862. May 6 or the Sunday nearest that date is usually the time for the annual Battle of Flowers at Chapultepec. Imagine, if you can, what a battle of flowers is, in this land of tropical verdure!

September 15 is the birthday of President Porfirio Díaz (1830) and September 16 is Independence Day, Mexico's Fourth of July. The observance of the latter is in spirit like the celebration in the States, with the addition of the ringing by the President of the Liberty Bell over the National Palace the preceding evening.

November 1 and 2 are All Saints and All Souls Days, when the churches display the relics of the Saints, and the graves of the Republic are decorated privately.

December 12 is the great feast of Guadalupe, holiest of

Mexico's shrines, when one hundred thousand of the faithful gather about the sacred well to be spiritually and physically healed by its waters.

Of the forty-nine other holidays some are for local pilgrimages to this same shrine and others for gatherings at Amecameca and elsewhere. The Passion Play of Oberammergau, the Bird Fair of Plougastel, the Five Great Pardons of Brittany—you have seen them all and you will find the counterpart of each in this land of the Latin passions.

For the less religious, there are baseball games by league teams; pelota (in Havana it's called jai-alai) a sort of indoor lawn tennis, lacrosse and handball combined, so exciting that I have seen \$1,000 wagered on a single minute's play—the Mexican is no short sport, John Henry—saddle races, football, golf, cricket, polo and tennis. These last four are of course played principally on club grounds, but the clubs are hospitable and their privileges reasonably easily obtained if you have any plausible social sesame. The bull-fights are usually on Sundays and feast-days of the winter months when the matadores of Spain are here. Nearly all the larger towns have them. A fight lasts about two hours, results in the dispatching of six or more bulls, of as many horses as the bulls can dispose of before the matador's fatal thrust, and is enlivened with music and a very ceremonious "Grand Entry."

Where, when and how to see the toro battles, ball games, pelota contests and theatres.

At the theaters we buy drama and music by the act—if we don't like one installment we may leave before the collector comes for the next. Most of the performers are singers and dancers from Spain and France—the genuine articles. Miss Katy Flaherty under the more euphonious sobriquet of Mlle. Fifi wouldn't last a minute here. The Mexican about town and in Society almost invariably knows French as well as he knows Spanish and knows, also, when he is getting the real Dulac and when he is being passed the Flaherty counterfeit. Some of the performances are as broad as any at the Folly or old Thirty-first Street house, but at the others, if there is anything *risqué* it's handled in a daintily dexterous way and the Mexieans think of art and let it pass, and the tourists think of Sappho and Mrs. Waring and decide not to throw stones at other people's glass houses. A circus which was originally a Yankee enterprise has become one of the fixed

features of the Republic; its proprietors are among the most popular business men and Dick Bell, the clown who has been driving away the Mexican's blues for twenty years, now rides to and from the circus building in his own coach embellished with his own monogram and driven by the proudest whip in Mexico.

As for hunting and fishing—well, the fish are here and the game is here and there are no laws to restrict. What better could you ask?

The tarpon are at the mouths of the various rivers entering the Gulf of Mexico; the smaller fry are at Pátzcuaro and other of the Republic's fifty-nine large lakes and lagoons. The black, brown and grizzly bears are in the neighborhood of Saltillo, Durango and Chihuahua; the mountain sheep among the Sierra Madre of Chihuahua; the antelope around Monterrey, Torreón and Chihuahua; the black and

Plenty of game and no game
laws to handicap the sport.
Mountain scenery all about.

white-tailed deer in the states of Coahuila, Nuevo Leon, Chihuahua, Durango and Tamaulipas—around Vera Cruz they are so numerous that hunting parties of business men go out every holi-

day on foot and horseback, returning in the evening with one to three deer.

Below Vera Cruz on the Isthmian roads there are tigers and mountain lions, and, well south, tapirs, crocodiles, monkeys and birds of paradise. The National Lines people can place you in touch with experienced hunters of almost any kind of game you can mention; for myself I am content to plug away at the turkeys around Durango and the million ducks of Lake Pátzcuaro, or to watch the market men shooting the latter with cannon charged with broken bits of nails on the shores of Lake Texcoco.

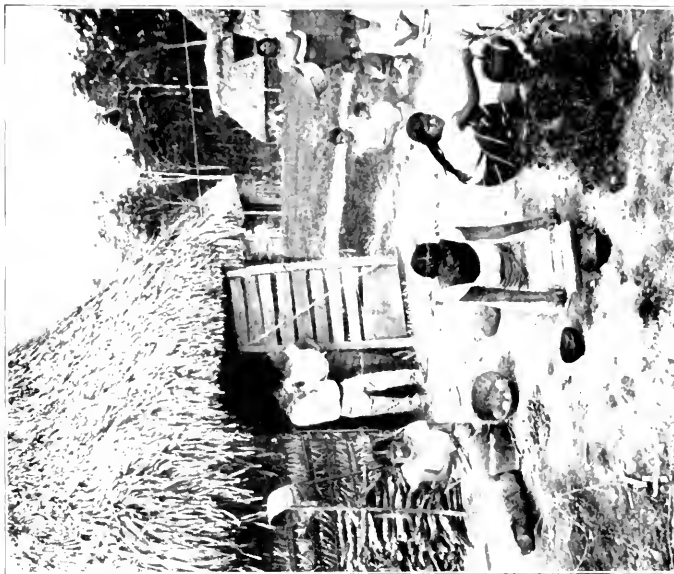
Reverting again to the itinerary it occurs to me that there has been no reference to mountain scenery. I hasten to protest against your inferring that it is meager. We have, sir, the equal of any in the Rockies or the Alps and in quite as great abundance as characterizes your western states. Ours begins at the Saddle Mountain of Monterrey and extends southward over the whole Republic. Fifty-two peaks higher than 10,000 feet, twenty-eight higher than 12,000, seven higher



Fruit Sellers of Southern Mexico, (Page 4)
Underwood & Underwood.



*Rural Maids of the Isthmian States,
Underwood & Underwood.*



*A Settlement in Tropical Mexico,
Underwood & Underwood.*

than 16,000, four higher than 17,000 and one almost 18,000—or, to be exact, 17,880.

This capital is surrounded by an amphitheater of the finest old hills imaginable, and in the background loom always the mantled summits of Popocatepetl and Ixtacéihuatl—the former 2,000 feet taller than Mt. Dickerman (the tallest peak in the United States according to the Bureau's revised figures of February, 1906,) and the latter 2,000 feet taller than Pike's. Both of these will be in sight during practically all your journey over the Interoceanic, and several days you will have also the regal presence of Orizaba nearly as tall as old Popo and, in the judgment of many, the most inspiring mountain of the continent.

If you like, you might allow two extra days at either Amecameca or Popo Park (the latter is a handsome mountain resort on the Interoceanic at Cedral just beyond Amecameca, presided over by a New Yorker with Adirondacks experience, taste and enterprise), and make the ascent of Popo, riding horseback most of the way, walking a few miles and tobogganing, on the return, over the snow on mats. The tobogganing descent will be an experience more wildly exhilarating than "the loop" but absolutely safe if one commits oneself wholly to the discretion of the guides.

Tobogganing down mountain slopes a safe and popular experience of Mexico tourists.

Ixtacéihuatl you cannot climb—or if you can, you can wear laurels for which a score of professional sealers from many nations have struggled unavailingly. The mountain's top is elongated and bears perfect resemblance to a woman in recumbent position. But presumably she sleeps as the gods will not consent to intrusion.

Between the capital and Vera Cruz the Interoceanic passes at the foot of another beautiful mountain, Malinche (or La Marina, or Malintze) named after Cortéz's guide and mistress. Near are three volcanic peaks presumably of male persuasion and the simple Indian will tell you in all seriousness that the valley's rainy season is the result of Malinche's annual festival for these neighbors, during which the sprinkling of her ethereal flower pots and pansy beds is done to excess.

We have, too, defiles quite as deep and narrow as Colorado's but the rail lines have given preference to canyons that are more nearly valleys. For this, I think, all short-necked mortals should give thanks, remembering what the feelings are when one has spent a day in gazing perpendicularly instead of at easy angles.

Our valleys are usually small, and mountain-rimmed, with streams from the upper snows racing gracefully down through them. Mexico was practicing the principles of irrigation before New Amsterdam had a town pump and you will find here a great deal more of green and gold than you may anticipate. You have heard probably, that there are thousands and thousands of acres of cactus, but the truth is that most of these "cactus" plants are not cactus at all but maguey, a species of the agave or aloe. The plants are set out with mathematical precision, are kept free of other growth, are transplanted at a certain age, are tapped in a certain way at a certain stage of development—and finally reward this vigilance and labor of five years by yielding, per plant, two to three barrels of "honey water," which when fermented into pulque sells for about \$2.75 per barrel. There are 330 plants to the acre and nearly 900 pulque cantinas in this city of 400,000 population.

Maguey plants and their production of pulque (pool-kay) the peon's favorite beverage.

The consumption in the city is, in some months, so great as to be equivalent to two quarts per day for every man, woman and child. The accident of the "cactus" ceases to be an accident the day you visit one of the haciendas where it is grown.

The climate of Mexico? My dear man, how can I describe it? How would you describe a May day and a late-September night in the States? How would you spell out the fullest glory of the sun, the most perfect effulgence of the moon?

The technical authorities say: "Along the Gulf coast the low ground, extending a distance into the interior, is called the tierra caliente or hot land; then where it rises in terraces to the table lands is called the tierra templada or temperate land, and finally where it reaches the regions of still greater elevation is called the tierra fría or cold land. On the tierra caliente it is summer always; on the tierra templada eternal spring; on the tierra fría it is rarely cold enough for snow or ice."

This is accurate enough and fair enough probably but it seems to me too deficient in enthusiasm. When a man starts out after breakfast down here he doesn't mildly suggest that it looks like a pleasant morning. No; he says: "Jerusalem, what a bully day!" His is a conviction, not a mere conjecture.

I realize that climate has been a principal consideration of the public ever since Noah drove his first nail, and that the ideal kind has been claimed by so many different localities that you will be skeptical of all, but if once I get you down here—

“Where summer’s beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter’s coolness spite of summer’s rays—”

I won’t need to warble my praises any longer. You’ll soon be singing hosannas of your own.

Elizabeth Visère McGary came down here from Texas and spent a year rubbing up against the realities. When she went home she wrote a book, “An American Girl in Mexico,” in which you will find this little reference to our weather:

“To one who has never known the joy of basking in Mexico’s soft sunshine, description seems extravagant. There is something inexpressibly pleasing in every phase of that Edenic climate. The moment I stepped from the train early one morning into brighter sunshine than I had ever known before and viewed the soft white heaps of clouds in the surrounding red mountains, I knew that an extravaganza on its charms would be an impossibility. Were one borne, in the twinkling of an eye, from the arctic region with its rigorous atmosphere and bleakly desolate landscape, to the tropics, where the lavish hand of nature has given to every tree and flower such perfect form, he would be no more struck with the wonder of the transition than he is when whisked across the Rio Grande into Mexico.”

**Peculiarities of the Mexico
climate as noted by impartial
visitors from the North.**

That’s all good and all true, and quite to my liking. But on the other hand I don’t wish you to accept it as representing every hour of every day of every year. Sometimes on winter nights here in this semi-tropical capital the air is cold—yes, cold—and some new-comers use small oil stoves in their rooms. (The Mexican believes heaters the worst enemies of good health and never will use them under any circumstances.) But it is not the kind of cold you have in the States. We had an unusually severe “spell” in January, 1906, but the mercury scarcely got below the freezing point; there was no wind; the air was dry and easy to breathe and the skit of snow that fell one forenoon—the first in many years—melted where it dropped, imposing no more serious

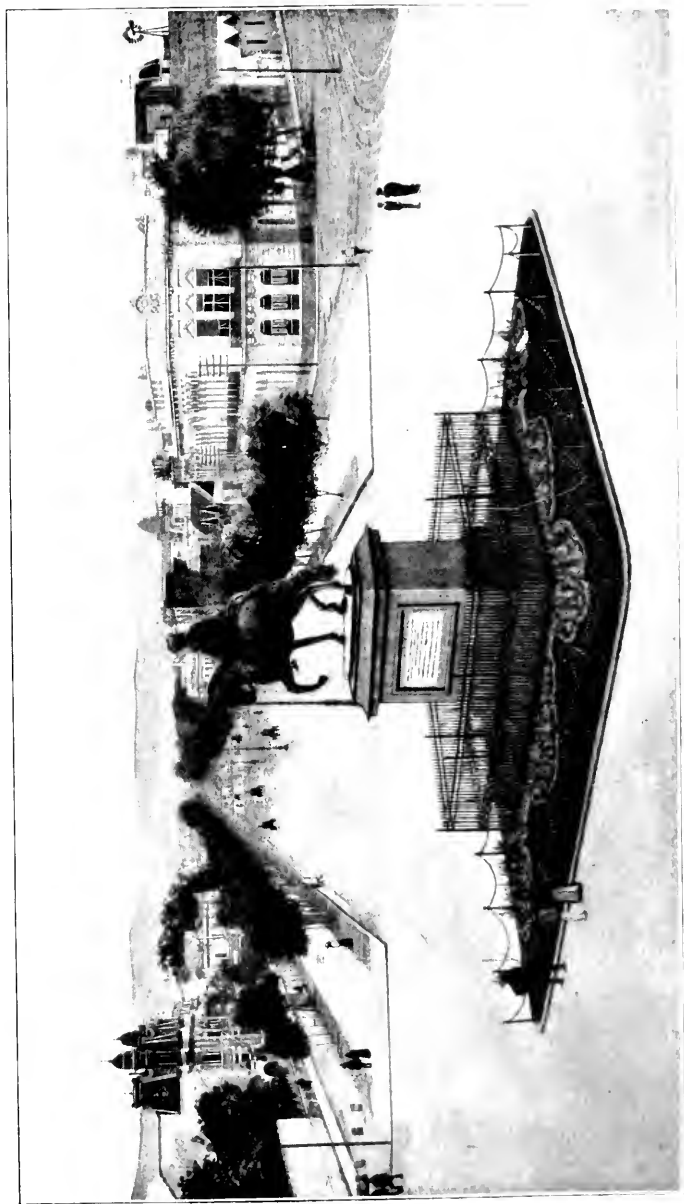
discomfort than the shock to our ancient traditions. The sun continued business at the old stand every day; my English neighbor, Calkins, wore his straw hat morning and evening unperturbed, and I never went back to winter gloves. Twelve Mexicans died one night and the report went North that they froze to death, but I happen to know that the reporter who investigated the circumstances for the local morning paper made the rounds on foot because it seemed to him too comfortable a night to take a cab. The peones who died were dressed in clothing scarcely thicker than summer underwear and were less nourished, perhaps, with food than with drink. They could have perished quite as readily in New York in October.

But do not infer from all this talk of winter conditions that winter is our only pleasant "season." On the contrary we who live here are almost unanimous in the verdict that the summer months are even more delightful than those of the winter. April and May are usually our driest and are

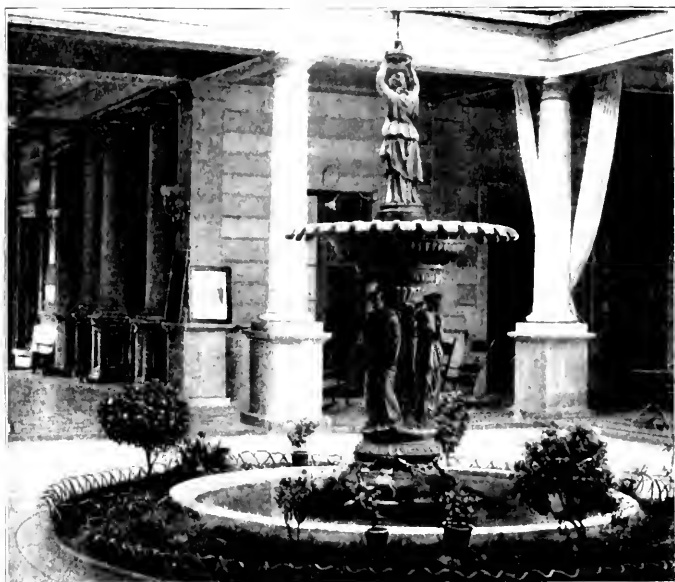
No extreme of heat or cold and upon their heels come the five months practically no humidity. The of night rains, with days that are fresh and cool (63° Fahrenheit is their average) as the best you have in your northern spring.

Down on the coasts, of course, the summer months are not so pleasant, but here on the highlands and in this mountain air, sunstroke is unknown, the malaria you have feared never was known and we sleep under blankets every night. December is the coldest month, the average temperature being 55° Fahrenheit. May is the warmest month, averaging 64°. The difference therefore between the averages of winter and summer is only about 10°. Sometime our friends in the north will be generally cognizant of these summer blessings here and Mexico will become what it well deserves to be considered—the all-year refuge of all mortals who dislike extremes.

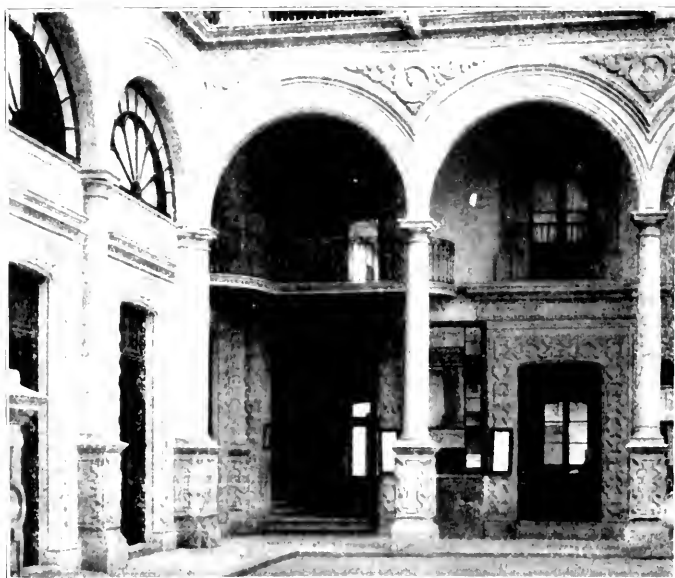
"The class in physical geography is dismissed!" I have told you as well as I can of the way to come here, of the places to be visited en route, of the preparations to make and of the weather conditions to be expected. I wonder if, in struggling through this mass of commonplace details, you have lost sight of the real essential—Mexico! I wonder if you have overlooked the possibilities here afforded one who,



View of the Paseo de la Reformat from a Principal Hotel. (Page 31.)



Hotel Patio where guests are served. (Page 24)



The Office Corner in a Mexico City Hotel. (Page 26.)

Go from your home, Ben, to any other part of the United States and you will find people believing as you believe, speaking as you speak, dressing as you dress, dining as you dine. They are voting for the same candidates, discussing the same issues, damning the same Congress, watching the same markets, reading the same newspapers, supporting the same kind of schools, erecting the same kind of churches, giving the same kind of excuses for not attending them, submitting themselves to the same dangers, acquiring the same afflictions, dying the same deaths, receiving the same obituaries, passing into the same darkness. The same North, South, East and West!

Cosmopolitan character of the population and extent of the contrasts of the old and new.

Until you have been here to witness this assimilation of metropolitan ideas by this domain so long provincial, you simply cannot conceive the magnitude and multiplicity of the contrasts. Five centuries are parading their types of civilization on our highways every day. The half-nude Aborigine trots beside the carriage of Modern Fashion; Antiquity's plodding ass halts before the same gates as Ingenuity's motor cars; the spires of old Catholicism are neighbors to the pen-nants of a new Commercialism. Equally, the sonatas of Beethoven are heard in the same glorietas as the marches of Sousa; the effigies of Judas marketed in the same street as the artware of Tiffany; the matador's triumphs applauded within the hearing of the new American colony. The palace of the Moeteszumas overlooks a Yankee amusement park; the springs which brought an Indian princess back to health long before Preissnitz thought of Grafenbourg are now the Saratoga of another Rip Van Dam; the highway that Cortéz

laid two hundred years before Watt's first engine turned a wheel has become companion to the Inter-oceanic's track of steel; the stones over which the living Maximilian passed in a gilded coach supported the dead Maximilian in an army wagon; the decrees of emperors are the relics of a Republic; the statue of Charles IV marks the parting ways of street cars constructed in St. Louis; imperious Cuauhtémoc, Zeus of a native Phidias, overlooks an "Astor" hotel housing professional men from the Missouri Valley; the Pyramid of Cholula, broader than the Cheops, older than its own traditions, echoes now the locomotive's whistle and the mule car's horn; the Sacred Mountain of Amecameca casts its benediction on a switchyard full of brakemen; the stone upon which thousands of human lives were sacrificed to Paganism reposes within the shadow of a free republic's forum; the Aztec calendar stone, heavy and hoary as the tablet of Singanfoo, is guarded by a policeman in fancy gaiters; Cortéz's landing place at Antigua is seen, unaltered, from a bridge of steel;

Bare and sandaled feet still
tread the paths Aztec chiefs
made in Moctezuma's time.

Malintze's name is perpetuated on a division superintendent's private car; the Tree of the Dismal Night is passed by picnic parties in electric trams; sandals such as Moses wore are on the feet of peones carrying patent leather boots to dressy gentlemen; women bare-shinned since the day of birth are launderers of Lady's *lingerie*; octogenarians who know no more of Benjamin Franklin than of Ptolemy Philadelphus and no more of current news than of the Septuagint peddle English dailies on the streets; on the 3rd of May masons rear crosses and explode fireworks on all new houses, and the same structures are never quite finished for fear completion will bring death to their inmates; women grind corn by hand within two squares of fashionable cafés; fresh meat and vegetables are delivered in trays balanced on young women's heads, to be fried and boiled upon steel ranges; coal heaters are as scarce as before Prometheus' gift—and the Well-to-do Gentleman Whom Miss Tarbell Mentioned has not neglected our deficiency; lottery tickets worth a thousand pesos are given as receipts for street car fare; hand sprinklers are used in washing boulevards along whose reaches are more fountains than Agrippa gave to Rome; pulque drawn into pigskins and aged in untanned cowhides is shipped by special train and sold in Pittsburg glasses; milk frequently is delivered on the hoof and beer in fancy wagons; where Yankees and Mexicans

fought the battle of Churubusco in 1847 Yankees and Mexicans are playing golf in 1906; on the thirtieth of every May Mexico's cadets lay a wreath at the monument to the men who assaulted Chapultepec, and on that same solemn day your Veterans here lay a wreath at the monument to the Mexican lads who defended it; the palace built for the lady who ran away with a bullfighter is home for some American girls as correct as Madame de Maintenon's brood at old St. Cyr; the torture dungeons of the Inquisition are the storage rooms of a School of Medicine; tortillas are patted, baked and sold at the portals of fancy delicatessens; many a Mexican who has spent all his life at home speaks English well, and many a Yankee who has spent years in Mexico speaks Spanish atrociously; in the mountains transportation is in palanquins or on men's backs and in the cities it is by street car, carriage and automobile; San Francisco street is very narrow and its storeless prolongation, the Paseo, nearly a block wide; Amecameca, the snug and cozy Multan of Mexico, is but a day from the summit of old

Popo, snowy as the Spitzbergen isles; Cortéz made gunpowder with the sulphur from Popo's crater and his troopers' descendants are making refrescoes with ice from the same summit; the Pyramid

Varying elevation produces an unlimited diversity of scenery, verdure and temperature.

Metepec is being excavated by men who live

house supplied with a telephone; the Thi

scarcely a minute's walk from a diamond st

circuses begin at 8:45 p. m. and church services about

time the crowds get home; country bands in Si Plunkard costumes produce harmonies as exquisite as a Strauss waltz;

poor women of the lowlands smoke cigars and wealthy men of

the highlands cigarettes in amber holders; "men of the peon

class wear the biggest hats in the world and women of birth

none at all;" the humblest Indian blackens the forehead

during Lent and the wealthiest aristocrat kneels with equal

reverence in the great cathedrals; some babies ride on their

mothers' backs and some in their own ornate coaches; some

woosers "play bear" at sternly grated windows and some

send bands to voice the song that's in their hearts; every

woman loves to shop in Mexico and every man is willing that

she should; the stores supply easy chairs for their customers

and the neighboring clubs supply easy chairs for such cus-

tomers' husbands; one cantina is labeled the "Gate to

Heaven" and another the "Triumph of the Devil;" com-

pressed flies are shipped from San Vicente to Germany and exquisite onyx from Puebla to Paris; the greatest pessimist in the world lives at Cuautla and the greatest optimist at Vera Cruz; one doubts even the beneficence of sunlight and the other thinks a sandstorm may have charms—

My dear sir, I could go on interminably with these contrasts but it is unnecessary. From these you can surmise the rest and fancy what it is to be among them. You have said, I believe, that the Breton proverb runs: "There will always be something to talk about in Landerneau." The Mexican proverb is: "Be looking always, for always there is that which you have not seen."

Why shouldn't there be? Here in this scant domain races have been piling history in tiers since the earth first cooled. Pyramids that stand today were built "by the compass" before Aristotle proved the earth was round. The Toltecs erected cities three hundred years before Eric the Red sighted Cape Farewell; the drainage canal was begun before

Popham colony reached the Kennebec;

Mexico used a printing press a hundred years before Governor Berkeley thanked God there was none in Virginia; the National Palace was in con-

templation when Charles II gave the whole of New England to two friends; Mexico's first viceroy antedated Andros and the Charter Oak a full century; Aztec astronomers had an observatory on the Hill of the Star at Churubusco long before Tycho Brahe's was reared at Uranienborg; this capital had a theater three years before New York had a newspaper; houses were numbered, streets paved and a police force organized in Mexico City fourteen years before there was even a fort where Chicago now stands. Every day I see men and women whose families were old before the Daughters of the Revolution had an ancestry; Malinche the stolen baby princess had borne Cortéz a son long before Virginia Dare's first wail was heard; altar lights have burned in the capital's cathedral unceasingly since fifty years before the executions for Salem witchcraft; you can kick from the sod with your profane foot idols and gods worshiped before the star shone over Bethlehem; the most peaceful hour I ever knew was spent where hundreds had perished on pagan pyres—

No, it is not strange that Mexico repudiates the name "resort" and asks a place among the history-making nations of the world.

Comparisons indicating the relative ages of America's two great sister republics.

The beauties of the place today no man can tell. Buds and blossoms come and go through every period of the calendar year. Palms and ferns adorn the humblest patio. Pansies, roses and fragrant pinks lie at your plate on "winter" days. Vines rise unbidden to cover the scars of gray old walls; mosses veil the infirmity of decrepit oaks. Indian girls hold out to you boutonnieres of flags, hyacinths and pansies; men stand on busy street corners selling violets by the basket full. Flower boats on the Viga canal are brighter with blossoms than the barges of ancient France. The humblest peon carries in his dusky hand roses fit for a May Queen's crown. Ah, my boy, it's a dream of a place, this Mexico! A dream that only Latin skies and Latin beauty can induce! We have our dirt but the roses hide it. We have our odors, but the orange blossoms obliterate their memory. We have our misery but the laughter brightens it. Not Paradise, but as nearly such as you and I, old sinners that we are, may ever know.

Business and social benefits
to be derived from a visit
in this nation old and new.

Don't weary, North. I am not writing this for effect. You have asked me for frankness and I give it. I want you to come. You'll thank me when you leave. You'll remember the visit many years; find it a definite benefit in your business and a definite advantage in your social hours. The things that you see and hear here will be worth the telling in many places many times. In years ahead you may pluck the rosemary of the Aztec garden inexhaustively. You will look back upon this as a place so quaint, so old, yet so ambitious and so new that every day brought some fresh contrast worth your noting. I am no sentimentalist and I don't care a picayune for your Wilcox poems, but to the soft seduction of this moodish old place I yield without apology. I have not told you of its types; I have not told you of its vistas. I have given you just a bare sketch, in brown and white, that when you come the lights and shades may all be new to you, the completed picture more than you expect. Hopkinson Smith called this "a tropical Venice, a new Holy Land," and pronounced it "the most marvelously picturesque country under the sun." I cannot add words to an artist's phrase but I can and do add the humble assurance that for prosier beings like you and me the charm is just as great as it was for him.

So come on, old fellow! Don't sit and dawdle over "ifs" a single minute, but just pack up and start. Start to the haunts of the Aztec kings; to the scenes of the continent's greatest conquest; to the nation that is both old and new. To the blue-domed, moon-bathed Italy of the Occident—an Elysium which, winter or summer, is most ardently and most unreservedly vouched for by your faithful though much abused old

SEYMOUR SOUTH.

Concerning Service to Mexico.

On preceding pages of this little book emphasis has been given the fact that Mexico is not merely a "resort." Carrying the thought farther, patrons of railways in Mexico are not to be considered merely "passengers." They are visitors entering a strange country to see and learn. They have paid their money not alone for train service between fixed points, but for an outing and general instruction. They wish every mile of the way to furnish some new diversion if it can. They want the privilege of asking questions wherever and whenever they please. They expect to be "looked after" as well as to be transported.

With this in mind the representatives of the National Lines stand ready to serve you as you have been served by few, if any, other railroads you ever have patronized at home or abroad.

Before you start you may feel perfectly free to ask National Lines agents as many questions as may suggest themselves; if your queries cannot be answered locally they will be referred to the general offices in Mexico and every effort made to secure the information you desire.

When you board a National train you may look to the conductor for suggestions if any are required.

When you reach the Republic make the National's offices your headquarters, and the National office men your advisers. Practically every one of them, and every passenger conductor, speaks English and is glad to be of assistance. Women unattended are traveling all over Mexico with no more danger and scarcely more difficulty than in traveling from New York to Chicago. They are having their mail forwarded by National representatives and are, in instances, making their hotel arrangements through them by wire. It's merely part of a plan—the National's plan—to build up Mexico's neglected tourist travel.

Whether or not the National Lines is the system to be preferred for your own tour into and through Mexico you, the reader, are best able to judge. The National merely submits the facts. Its Laredo gateway is 470 miles nearer San Antonio and the East than is any gateway owned by any competitive line. It is 420 miles nearer the City of Mexico than is any gateway owned by any competitive line. It affords a route between San Antonio and City of Mexico 890 miles shorter than the shortest course between the same points via competitive lines, and 299 miles shorter than via any combination of competitive and family lines. The National Lines' Eagle Pass gateway is 458 miles nearer San Antonio than is any gateway owned by any competitive lines, and (via Reata, Monterrey and the National Railroad) 306 miles nearer the City of Mexico than is any gateway owned by any competitive line.

The National is, at the time this is written, the only railway in Mexico that ever operated a regular dining car service or carried in its public trains either observation cars, compartment sleeping cars or club-buffet-smoking cars. Its equipment is kept on a par with that of the roads in the United States, and additions made whenever required. (A single order in 1906 was for twenty-one locomotives, including some of the Vauclain balanced compound type so popular in the passenger service of Eastern trunk lines, and 620 cars of various patterns suited to passenger freight and express requirements.)

The system covers the Republic very completely, penetrating fifteen of the twenty-seven States, including Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, Coahuila, Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, Guanajuato, Queretaro, Hidalgo, Michoacan, Mexico, Durango, Guerrero, Vera Cruz, Puebla, Morelos and the Federal District, in which the national capital is located. More than 3500 miles of main line and branches are embraced, including those of the National Railroad of Mexico; the Mexican International Railroad; the Interoceanic Railway of Mexico; the Hidalgo & Northeastern Railroad; the Texas-Mexican Railway, Michoacan & Pacific Railway, and other subordinate and leased lines.

From the United States, entering via either Laredo or Eagle Pass, the National Lines have standard gauge tracks all the way to the City of Mexico, with roadbed considered the best in the Southern Republic and on an equality with nearly all those in the States. Along the various lines of the system are more picturesque features and historic communities than adorn the lines of *any* other system, *local or foreign*.

And, finally, via the National Lines and connections, Mexico is *not* remote or in any sense inconvenient of access. Comparing the National's with other "shortest line" routes, it is discovered that the least rail distance between New York and Portland, Ore., is 390 miles greater than the least rail distance between New York and Mexico City. Between New York and Los Angeles, 326 miles greater than between New York and Mexico City. Between Chicago and Portland 168 miles greater than between Chicago and Mexico City. Between Chicago and Los Angeles 104 miles greater than between Chicago and Mexico City. Between St. Louis and Portland, Ore., 435 miles greater than between St. Louis and Mexico City. Between St. Louis and Los Angeles, 213 miles greater than between St. Louis and Mexico City. Between New Orleans and Los Angeles, 479 miles greater than between New Orleans and Mexico City. Between San Antonio and Los Angeles, 479 miles greater than between San Antonio and Mexico City.

As an eastern comparison, it may be stated that the shortest line between New York and Chicago is only forty-two miles shorter than the route of the National's through cars between San Antonio and Mexico City.

In all time-folders are given the names and addresses of National Lines representatives who will be pleased to answer any questions at any time, and to be of service to you in any way you may reasonably suggest, or inquiries may be addressed to the undersigned who will give them prompt and detailed reply. The ordinary two-cent U. S. stamp carries a letter from any point in the United States to any point in Mexico.

GEO. W. HIBBARD,

General Passenger Agent,

F. E. YOUNG,

Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent,

"National Lines," City of Mexico, D. F.







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